THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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"SARSFIELD IS THE MAN!"

Miss Banim Vividly Recalls the Earlier Sheridan's Glorious Raid on King William's Siege Train Two Hundred Years Ago.

How Irishmen Fought For and Won Their Rights in 1690.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

On the morning of Sunday, the 10th of August, a terrible fire of shells and red-hot balls was directed from the besiegers' batteries against the walls of Limerick, and into the city, whence came an answering fire from Castle, church tops, citadel, the towers. So great was the roar of musketry and cannon that the din of war was heard many miles off; and the smoke that arose formed a dense cloud that reached to the top of Keeper hill in Tipperary. It was now, at the commencement of the siege, that occurred the memorable incident that, above all his brave actions, has marked Patrick Sarsfield as one of the foremost among Irish heroes, for such is his place in the minds of a people who delight in any deed that shows not only courage but that brilliant daring that has something of poetic chivalry about it.

During that Sunday a Huguenot deserter from the enemy's camp made his way into Limerick. He told the Irish soldiers that as yet William's preparations were far from complete—that a large train of artillery, upon which he relied for the destruction of the town, had not yet reached him, but was on its way hither from Waterford, and was expected to be in the camp in a day or two.

Sarsfield heard the soldier's story, and, quick to conceive and daring to hazard the wild adventure, he determined upon a bold sally that, if successful, would probably save Limerick. At all events, it was a brilliant venture, worthy of the heroic young soldier fighting the only fight that is truly brave—the defense of faith and country.

SARSFIELD'S RIDE.

Waiting only until night should cover his movements, Sarsfield rode out from Limerick, across old Thomond bridge, below us here, up by that narrow, tree-shaded street beyond the bridge, and on through the country to where, some five or six miles outside the town, his cavalry were stationed. With a company of picked men, he rode rapidly away, but in a directly opposite route to the part of the country William's siege train was coming through; the latter was approaching Limerick by the southeast, while Sarsfield and his men rode northwest. This he did simply to mislead William's outposts (stationed along the Shannon), lest any should suspect his purpose. For guide Sarsfield was accompanied by one of a class then known as Rapparees. They were, for the most part, Irish clansmen, many of them, as in this instance—gentlemen whose estates had been plundered or "confiscated," and who, hunted by usurpers from home and lands and the wealth they still counted as their own, hid in caves and glens among the mountains, making raids into their own territories and carrying off, as spoil, the cattle and stores they considered theirs. The Rapparees were so named from a peculiar weapon then in use—a short staff, like a broken or half pike, called a rapparee (Lenihan). This pike was carried also by the Catholic peasantry when attending the secret mass services in the woods or caves; worshipping, as the people did, at the peril of their lives, it was necessary at such times to have some weapon for defense, as well as some distinctive token.

The Rapparee who acted as Sarsfield's guide was a highly educated man, who, outlawed as an Irish papist, lived among the mountains and knew every pass and secret defile. A wild and daring rider, he was known to all as

"GALLOPING HOGAN."

Under Hogan's faithful guidance, Sarsfield and his troop crossed the low ridge of hills we see to the west beyond the Shannon, rode along by valley and hill, making a wide circuit, until, passing a gorge in the Clare mountains west o' Killaloe, they made their way through the fields that skirt the rear of that village, on to Ballyvalley, and dropped down to the Shannon somewhere near the grove where the "soldier's grave is shown. Here they forded the river, unsuspected by William's soldiers who guarded the bridge below at Killaloe, and, passing cautiously through Ballina—a hamlet opposite Killaloe on the Tipperary side—they rode on by unfrequented ways into the Keeper Mountains, where Sarsfield halted for the remainder of the night and where his troop kept themselves concealed during the following day. Scouts sent out to reconnoitre soon returned with the news that the expected artillery train and escort were within a few miles of Ballyneety, where they were to encamp for the following night, Aug. 11. Ballyneety hill is not far from Oola railway station, and is fourteen miles from Limerick. We can mark the place, in a straight line to southeast, so that Sarsfield and his men made a circuit of at least fifty miles. Having rested all day in their hiding place amidst the mountains, when evening fell the cavalcade started on their perilous and exciting expedition. Who is there that cannot, step for step, and thought for thought, accompany the brave men in their moonlight ride to death or to success in as glorious an adventure as our history chronicles? The intense, pent up excitement, the silence, the uncertainty, the caution, lest one false move should put the enemy—now close at hand—on the alert; above all, the dare-devil element that ran through the whole enterprise, and that—grim and awful as the result must prove in any case—yet, to Irish natures gave a dash of humor to their thoughts as they pictured the surprise in store for the Sassenach.

One thing was wanting in order that Sarsfield might not have to spring his mine a moment too soon, but that was an important point—the watchword for the night in the enemy's camp. As if the fates had strangely combined in the Irish leader's favor that night,

THE PASSWORD

was obtained in a singular manner. One of the Irish troopers was obliged, his horse being lamed, to drop behind the rest. On his road he encountered a belated English woman, the wife of one of William's soldiers, who had been unable through weakness to keep up with the army on the march, and who was wandering about, alone and terrified. The Irish man took pity on her helplessness, mounted her on his horse while he walked beside, and soon put her in the way of quickly joining the camp before Limerick. The woman, grateful for his kindness, told him the password at Ballyneety; by a strange coincidence—fatality, one would be almost tempted to call it—the word the enemy had chosen was—Sarsfield!

At the encampment all was quiet. So secretly had the Irish troopers wound their way through the hills, and so true were the peasantry around, that the English convoy had no suspicion of any foe being near; they lay asleep by their guns, while a few sentries kept watch. The first sentinel at the outposts, hearing the tread of the approaching horses, challenged, got the pass "Sarsfield," and the Irish were upon their enemies; a second challenge was answered by the leader drawing his sword and shouting "Sarsfield is the word—and Sarsfield the man!" With a ringing cheer the troop dashed in upon the stupefied convoy, and in a few short minutes the work was done—the men were cut down or dispersed, and the Irish in possession of the guns, ammunition, and weapons that, but for the success of this daring piece of strategy, were to have been turned against their lives and those of their people.

The guns, the baggage, powder, the stores of every kind were then piled upon the cannon, the latter were loaded, their muzzles buried in the ground, and then, with a roar and a flash that were heard and seen in William's camp and Limerick town,

THE WHOLE TRAIN WAS BLOWN INTO THE AIR.

The loss to William was six 24 pounders, two 18 pounders, with five mortars, 155 wagons of artillery ammunition, eighteen tin pontoons, twelve carts of biscuits—all blown up, and 500 horses taken as booty.

Some writers speak of the barbarity of thus falling upon and killing the unsuspecting soldiery. It was scarcely an occasion for the usual Irish civility of "By your leave." But Sarsfield showed the humanity that belongs to true bravery; before proceeding to fire the train he had all the wounded removed to a safe distance and the horses secured, and this, be it remembered, when every moment gained to Sarsfield meant an additional chance of life.

No sooner had the last echo of the explosion ceased than the victorious Irish troops dashed away on their homeward ride, never pausing till they entered the gate of Limerick, where they were received with wild enthusiasm.

From that day to the present the route through which Sarsfield and his companions passed, from Ballina to Keeper's hill, is known as "Sarsfield's Ride."

This achievement, while it gave heart to the besieged, was a heavy blow to William of Orange. Still, Limerick was too important a place to give up without a strenuous effort to win it. Another strong reinforcement was conveyed to his camp from the south; all that military genius and engineering skill could do was brought to bear against the city, and the siege went on with unabated ardor, while the besieged worked with equal energy to repel the attack, bearing with fortitude all the dangers and privations of their situation, for even scarcity of food was added to the horrors of burning houses and the sight of the wounded and dying on every side.

Safe quarters on King's Island and on the Clare side of the river had been provided for the women and children, but the greater number refused to leave their fathers, husbands, brothers; the very children, says the historian, worked by their mothers' sides in the streets—under a constant rain of shell and red hot ball—the women carrying earth for ramparts, tearing up the pavements for missiles, loading the muskets with the courage of men; then, with the gentle pity of women, caring for the sick and binding up the wounds of the disabled. Everywhere and in everything, the spirit of Sarsfield and the spirit of the women of Limerick it was that sustained the courage of all during this great siege.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

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Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 68 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

IRISH EARTH.

That is What the Dust of the Gallant and Faithful Matthew Harris Has Now Become.

The Unselfish Patriot Laid in His Grave With Deserved Honors—William O'Brien's Tribute.

Mr. Matthew Harris, M. P., was buried at Ballinasloe on Thursday, April 17—which is a somewhat formal way of stating that "Matt Harris," as he was affectionately and widely known throughout and beyond the confines of Connacht, was conveyed to his last resting place in the presence of hundreds of sorrowing friends. The ceremonies began at 11 o'clock in the church with solemn office for the dead, followed by high mass, at which the celebrant was the Very Rev. P. J. Walsh, Adm.; Rev. Mr. Keenan, deacon; Rev. Mr. Madden, sub-deacon, and the Rev. Mr O'Farrell master of ceremonies. The coffin was covered with wreaths and cut flowers. The members of the Irish Parliamentary party sent a very beautiful wreath of white arum lilies, hyacinths, roses, and pelargoniums with maidenhair fern entwined. On a card attached were the words, "From his colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party as a tribute of affection and esteem for their dear old friend and comrade, Matthew Harris." Mrs. Kennedy of the Bank of Ireland sent a cross. Wreaths were also sent by Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Brady, Miss Colgan, Miss Hogan, and others. At 2.30 o'clock the funeral procession started. The coffin was borne out on the shoulders of Mr. Matthew Harris, a son of the deceased, Mr. William O'Brien, Dr. Kenny, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Tuite, Mr. Hayden, and Mr. Sheehy. All business was suspended in the town, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more solemn and impressive than the scene when the funeral passed through the wide streets lined with people, and past the shuttered shops amid the unbroken silence that prevailed, save for the solemn tolling of the church bell, the measured pace of the mourners, and the strains of the Dead March. The clergy, walking in twos and wearing white scarfs and hat-bands, came first, followed by the hearse, which was driven by Martin Kelly, who drove poor Matt Harris on many a journey through the country. Then the Athlone brass band, with instruments shrouded in crape, walked next, the throb of the big drum at intervals having a peculiarly mournful effect in contrast with the music from the brass instruments. A solid mass of mourners, old friends, and fellow-townsmen, each wearing an armlet, with a green rosette, formed the next section of the procession, the members of parliament walking beside the bier on which the coffin was borne, being in the midst of this body of men. A line of carriages closed the funeral.

At the bridge over the Suck, dividing the county Galway from the county Roscommon, the coffin was placed in the hearse and thus conveyed for about a mile to the new cemetery at Creagh, where a grave had been opened and lined with ivy branches, and here the outrage on the feelings of the relatives perpetrated at the funeral of Mr. O'Dwyer at Tipperary, was repeated, by the intrusion at the grave side of at least a dozen armed police in uniform, and half a dozen in plain clothes. County Inspector Mark O'Brien was the person in charge of the police in Ballinasloe on that day. As Father Walsh and the other clergymen recited the last prayers of the church for the dead, Catholic policemen under the orders of a Catholic superior pressed forward and got as near as they could to the grave, prepared to act toward the mourners as their humane and cultured intelligence might direct. Two note takers were among the police. When the coffin had been lowered into the grave, Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., addressing the people, said:

My friends, I have been requested to say one word of our dear old friend and comrade who is gone. Even in this consecrated spot I am quite sure that the most irreverent mind will not deny us the consolation of saying just one affectionate word or two to relieve the feelings that must be struggling in the hearts of every man around me here today when we stand over the coffin of our brave old friend, one of the best and truest of those faithful souls that make the Irish cause so sacred and so unconquerable. There must be in all our minds a feeling of what a pity and how pathetic it is that he should have fallen just on the eve of victory—victory for the cause for which he labored during many a dark and hopeless year. Somehow, one cannot help feeling that the day of triumph for Ireland will lose some of its happiness because grand old figures like that of Mr. Harris and of poor Joe Biggar won't be there to share it. At least they won't be there in body, but I hope that in this holy place it is not presumptuous to believe that they will be with us in spirit to the end, and that they will enjoy the felicity yet of seeing the complete triumph and the complete vindication of that cause which they espoused in days when it was trampled in the dust, and for which they have labored with an unflinching faith during many an hour of despondency, and calumny, and danger. I have often thought that perhaps Matt Harris and your own glorious old bishop, Dr. Duggan, are the two most characteristic and the most heroic figures west of the Shannon. Somehow or other the sun will never seem to me to shine quite the same again over a Connacht meeting now that poor Matt Harris is missed. But if he is gone he is gone as we may all well desire to go, leaving behind him the record of a noble and unselfish life. He is gone when his work is nearly done and his cause is all but crowned with victory, and the blessings and the affection of his whole race will follow him before that great Judgment Seat where we may hope that much will be forgiven to men who have suffered much and loved much their country and their kind. I cannot help thinking of the words of Thomas Davis—

'Twere merry unto the grave to go
If one could be sure to be buried so.

This is not the time nor the place to speak of Matt Harris' services to Ireland. There is no need to speak of them either here or elsewhere, for they are engraven on the hearts of his countrymen whom he loved, and on the hearts of his colleagues who reverenced him as young soldiers reverence a veteran who was fighting battles and sustaining scars for Ireland when many of us here were in our cradles. I will say no more. I won't comment upon the taste or the humanity of the officials of Dublin Castle who were not content with pursuing Matt Harris when he was living, but would not allow a representative of the Irish people even to be buried with out dogging him with police spies to his grave. I will say no more of it; let that pass as the whole infernal system will pass. Matt Harris is beyond their power today. Let us pray and hope that he may be already enjoying the reward of his honest and fearless and faithful life. Let us pray that whenever our own hour comes it may be our happiness to be able to bequeath to those who come after us as stainless and brave a record, and let us never doubt that the Almighty Power that has always raised up from generation to generation men like Matt Harris, soldiers of the Irish cause as brave and unconquerable and incorruptible as he—never doubt but that Almighty Power has a bright future in store for this old race and land, which has never given up the old fight in the darkest hour, and never lost faith in the cause which is today entering upon its period of triumph and vindication and reward. May God be kind and good to our dear old comrade, and to the country that he served so well (hear, hear).

The grave was then filled in, the sod placed over it covered with flowers, and all retraced their steps to the town.—*Dublin Freeman.*

SONG OF THE EXILES.

BY PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

When stills the workshop and the mart,
As evening shadows gather,
Around the hearth with jocund heart
We [illegible] together,
And sweet it is with smile and song
To tell the old, old story
Of Ireland's right and Ireland's wrong,
Her sorrows and her glory.
So sing again the good old song,
And chant the good old chorus—
God right the dear old country's wrong!
God bless the land that bore us!

We've watched and waited long to see
Our own green isle victorious,
Among the nations standing free,
In Freedom's morning glorious!
But what although she's doomed to wear
Her chains a little longer,
Though Might be strong, yet never fear,
For God's good will is stronger.
In gold and scarlet, brothers, see
The dawn of freedom glorious
Hurrah! our land will soon be free,
O'er all her wrongs victorious!

Oh! long ago we set our sails
Across the sunset billow;
But dreams of childhood's cherished vales
Still haunt the exile's pillow—
The streams and holy hills of home,
The heath-empurpled highland,
The lakes that fling white arms of foam
Round storied cape and island.
Ah! God be with her, far away,
God bless our own green island,
Her fairy forts, her abbeys grey,
Her every hill and highland!

Stout Paelim there—his coat of frieze
Doth shield a soul of honor;
He's dreaming now with far-off eyes
Of lovely Eily Connor.
But thinking of a mother's grave
Makes Moran's eyelids moister;
His heart's tonight where alders wave
Around an Irish cloister.
God comfort all who watch and weep!
God bless our Irish lasses!
God rest the dead who softly sleep
In Irish graveyard grasses!

There's freedom here, repaying toil
With wealth and golden guerdon,
But, oh! 'tis hard on stranger soil
To bear an exile's burden.
Ah! God be with her! sweeter 'twere
To laugh in frieze of Ireland,
Than pine in any silken gear
Of fortune-favored far land.
God bless our dear old verdant Isle,
Her hearts so warm in danger,
Her ready hand, her sunny smile,
Her welcome to the stranger.

—*Philadelphia Freeman.*

Tailors' Strike in Derry.

At the Derry petty sessions Mr. R. Harvey, R.M., and two city magistrates, nine tailors, at present on strike in that city, were charged with unlawful assembly, at the prosecution of D. J. Foley. Evidence was given by Detective Barber, Mr. J. J Pollock, of the firm of Pollock & Co., and Mr. J. Thompson, of the firm of Semple & Thompson. The strikers marched in a body past their establishments, groaning and cheering. No threat was used, but the strikers looked up at the windows as they passed. Evidence was produced by Mr. Poland, solicitor for the strikers, showing that the men did not groan, but simply cheered when two men from Semple & Thompson's joined the strikers. Mr. Poland contended that the men, in marching through the streets, were entitled to cheer, and even to express disapprobation by groaning. The bench returned the three men—James McCarron, James Meehan and Con Doherty—for trial to the quarter sessions, on a charge of unlawful assembly.

NOT GOOD SCAVENGERS.

That is What Eleanor Kirk Says of the Naughty, Naughty Men—In This Respect the Women Beat Them "all Hollow."

Woes of a Young Widow—Can the Typewriter Relieve Them?

BROOKLYN, May 11.—The mass meeting of the Women's Health Association in New York City was a fizzle, and this is exactly what it deserved to be. The members of this society are for the most part cultured and capable women. They have worked hard to bring about a reform in the methods of street cleaning. They summoned Commissioner Beattie before them to show cause why New York could not be made and kept clean enough for respectable folks to live in. Commissioner Beattie politely acceded to the request of the association, and then metaphorically poured cold water all over the ardent and sanguine souls assembled to meet him. Then a mass meeting was proposed. Naturally everybody thought that a mass meeting of women, called by women, would be presided over by women and addressed by women. Not so. The speakers were all men, and though popular men and prominently known on the rostrum, they hadn't any more ideas about street cleaning than so many billy-goats. They all commenced their remarks by saying that the subject was one with which they were not in the least familiar. I should like to know if men haven't thoroughly demonstrated their ignorance of street cleaning? This being the case, and these women on this account feeling themselves obliged to come to the rescue, why were they so foolish as to invite the incapables to do their talking for them? If the ladies had been advertised to speak on this occasion, Chickering Hall could not have held the people that would have gathered there from New York and all the regions round about. Householders and housekeepers have had enough of men, their promises and their rhetoric, in this matter of street cleaning. What if these women are not practiced in addressing audiences? So much the better. The world is pining for something fresh. It wants ideas more than it wants accustomed speakers. But the men were honest. They said they didn't know anything about it, and they told the truth. Let us hear from the women.

"Young Widow" says she has been informed that it is no use to learn typewriting because there are more typewriters now than can find employment. "Young Widow" has four little children, the eldest only seven years old, and no available means. She is a graduate of the State Normal School, but does not feel that she possesses any special talent. Such cases as the above, many of them even more tragic, are constantly being brought to my notice. Four babies, no money, and no trade or profession. She adds, "a business friend of my husband's would pay the rent of a Remington typewriter for me if you think I could procure employment after I learned to use it."

As a mother I ask what is to become of the children? And how can a woman take proper care of such a brood, and learn a trade and keep the wolf from the door at the same time? If this poor soul had only learned to do something well before she had risked all in matrimony! But she has got the four children and Grant Allen will be satisfied, though the result may be neglected bodies and starved minds. If "Young Widow" is strong and well and plucky, and has her nerves under control, and can spell and capitalize and punctuate readily—I have known Normal School graduates who could not do either—she will come out ahead. This typewriting is perfectly simple, and to become expert, practice only is needed. My correspondent has not been correctly informed. The typewriter is more and more of a necessity, and is steadily crowding out the pen. There will be no lack of work for all who can do their work well. But there is no room, and there never was any room for the operator who has not a common school education.

In the majority of cases that have come under my observation, exhaustion is only another name for starvation. An invalid may eat heartily and lose flesh all the time. An appetite is an excellent thing to have, but if assimilation does not wait on appetite, the body is starved. A lady writes me that her husband, whose only perceptible ailment is a slight, hacking cough, and who eats "voraciously" of the best foods she can prepare, is losing flesh all the time, and has come to be almost a skeleton, and too weak to attend to the smallest detail of business. There is a great disagreement among physicians in regard to his case. There is certainly one point where physicians and laymen can meet, and that is the point of non nutrition, for this like many others, is a perfect case of starvation. I have seen excellent effects in similar instances from the use of Bovinine. The nerve centres are the first to feel the influence of this food, which is immediately absorbed by the stomach without the necessity of the slightest intestinal action. Bovinine is perfectly agreeable and can be taken in a little milk or water. This invalid probably eats too much of the things hard to digest, keeping the tired organs constantly at work. Give the stomach something it can utilize and recovery will be certain.

Several correspondents have asked me which fabric I think will wear the better, Toile du Nord or the Parkhill Zephyrs. I do not believe there is much difference in the wearing qualities of these goods. The zephyrs, although much cheaper than the imported French ginghams, are just as fine and in design quite as artistic. But they are very strong and so is the Toile du Nord. Indeed both should on this account be made with tucks for children, because they will be just as useful and just as pretty for another year as for this. The colors are fast and if properly washed and properly dried they will fully retain their brightness. A full yoke of a plain shade, gathered into a ruffle at the neck, and a similar blending with the full sleeves, is a very pretty way of making these fabrics for children. Skirts are straight and full.

The May *Century* is exceedingly interesting. My pen almost wrote unusually, but this would suggest a criticism on previous numbers, and that would not be fair. The autobiography of Joseph Jefferson has grown more fascinating each month and the present paper is most delightful. George Kennan's article "Blacked Out" gives a vivid portrayal of the manner in which the Russian government deals not only with newspaper articles that are not considered in the interest of of the nation, but with the writers as well. Elizabeth W. Champney's short story, "The Romance of Two Cameras" is one of her best, and that is high praise. ELEANOR KIRK.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

Mr. Morley's Five Objections to the Scheme.

Mr. John Morley addressed a crowded meeting in the town hall, Rochdale, on the evening of April 23, in connection with the local celebration of Mr. Potter's twenty-fifth anniversary as member of parliament for the borough. Referring to the Land Purchase bill he said it was true that in 1886 Mr. Gladstone introduced such a scheme. That was brought in in the hope of obtaining a final settlement of the political quarrel between Great Britain and Ireland, and the Liberal party thought that a demand under circumstances of that kind might be made upon the British treasury, a contingent demand, which, under any circumstances, would have been wholly unjustifiable. But the present plan was not based on any principles of that kind. The present plan was brought forward as a substitute for a settlement of the political quarrel, and with a view of stopping the Irish demand for self-government. Were the Liberal party to be told that because they brought forward a Land Purchase bill under certain circumstances in '86 that therefore they were bound to support, and inconsistent if they did not support, a bill of a completely different character, brought forward under completely different circumstances, and with a completely different object? He denied any such obligation. He had various objections to the bill, but he would only trouble his audience with five. The first was that they declined to support a bill for the purchase of their holdings by the tenants as long as the tenants were debarred from free combination in reference to these bargains by exceptional coercive and repressive legislation. Secondly, they declined to vote for a resort to British credit until at any rate some representative authority had been created in Ireland, because it was only by means of a representative popular authority there that they could successfully work a purchase act or obtain a good security for the advance. Thirdly, they declined to impose a great liability upon the Irish ratepayers for the sake of securing certain advantages to a certain number of Irish landlords and a certain section of Irish tenants. Fourthly, they declined to vote for a measure for the carrying out of a plan which would make Ireland for years and tens of years to come a debtor country, without the assent of the only men who were entitled to speak in her name. Fifthly, for his part he declined to vote for a bill which he declared, and he hoped to be able to show, was absolutely unworkable, and the guarantees of which were absolutely illusory. Were they illusory? Suppose there were a project for advancing money from the corporation, which would enable one fourth of the cottage tenants of Rochdale practically to become owners at a reduced rent meantime, until the ownership was complete, would they regard it as a fair and just guarantee for that advance that the other three quarters of the ratepayers were to make good any default which the privileged fourth were foolish enough to make? That was the scheme of the bill. In case the three quarters did not make good the default for the sake of the privileged fourth, the government were going to stop the imperial contributions to the lunatics and schools in Ireland. It was a wonder that such a scheme should be developed by men outside of a lunatic asylum. The Unionist press were in great spirits. Heaven knew why, because Mr. Parnell made some suggestion of his own on Monday night. They seemed to think that because he makes those suggestions, therefore, they were things to be scorned and laughed at. He thought that whatever the merits of those particular suggestions might be, the fact of Mr. Parnell having made them was a very good reason why they should at least consider them, because Mr. Parnell had an unfortunate knack of asking today for what he got tomorrow or the day after. He (Mr. Morley) for his part, where Mr. Parnell made a suggestion with reference to Ireland, would wait, in the first place, to hear what Ireland said; in the second place, he would wait to test the calculations upon which the suggestion was made. All he could say, meantime, to himself was that Mr. Parnell had never been mistaken in interpreting the mind of Ireland. He had no fear what the verdict of the country would be at the next election. He had no fear that the country would not see the fraud that had been put upon them, and that they would not see and remember the number of pledges that had been broken, pledges against coercion and against purchase, and he had no fear that they would not drive headlong from power the men who had abused their confidence, and had shown themselves unfitted to bring to a close the long and painful quarrel which had distracted the relations of Great Britain and Ireland. (Cheers.)

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS

Rupert, from the date of his arrival at barracks, had not been put on duty. His strength was not considered sufficiently restored, and the colonel, through old family ties, did not wish to send him on the unpleasant eviction work the troops of the garrison had to perform.

So that he had plenty of idle time wherein to amuse himself; wherefore the freshness of the morning repeatedly saw his horse's head turned in the direction of Orchard Cottage.

Very little care or reflection he gave to the consequences that might follow from these visits. All he knew was that a fair face, brighter than any rose on the hedge, and fresher than the dew that clothed them as with a mantle of silver net work, would welcome him. Whether she sat at the window sewing, her face enshrined among the honeysuckles and clematis flowers that garlanded it, or reading in the shadow of the fruit-laden trees in the orchard, there was always a bright smile for him.

There was always a ready excuse to hand for his coming in his anxiety to visit his companion in the runaway accident.

Joe's health, Joe's recovery, Joe's condition offered on all occasions a sufficient apology for absence from barracks—even if the necessity for catering for his own not fully recovered health was not enough. And at Orchard Cottage it formed an admirable reason for his visits.

Joe's welfare, however good-natured the visitor was in inquiring about it, occupied a very small portion of his care when there.

It was so pleasant to sit by Norah's side, and listen to her quiet conversation as her busy fingers plied the needles, or to listen to her musical voice as she read in the cool shadow of the apple trees; or again, when Joe was fishing in the stream below in the meadows to walk with him there, and while he intently threw his line across the eddying pools it was perfectly oriental in its luxury to lie at ease tempting the lazy slumbering trout to rise with the pleasant carpet of grass beneath, and the pleasant sun shining on them from the blue sky above.

The path of life had grown pleasant and more beautiful for him to tread. His lot was cast in pleasant places, and the golden thread of love and beauty was weaving itself into his heart and brain and nature. The world seemed to have grown more beautiful, the air pleasanter, the earth more near to perfection than he ever knew it before.

So at least he thought, one morning, as he placed his foot in the stirrup, the steel foot-rest of which was warm with the rays of the early sun, and, vaulting into the saddle, sat there composedly awaiting the coming of the Colonel, to bid him good bye for the day.

"I am afraid there is an end of your love making, Rupert," said the Colonel as he handed him a letter. He was always fond of pretending that Rupert's rides were in the direction of Grangemore Castle, and his visits to the heiress. "Read that—there's a letter of recall."

"That's very sudden," said Rupert, as he read the letter where he sat on horseback. "I did not expect this."

"You are glad to get back again," said the Colonel, mistaking his surprise. "So I should too. I am heartily tired of this unfortunate country."

"I should like to see a little more of it. I have scarcely seen any of it yet," said Rupert, holding the letter he had just read in his hands, and sitting in his saddle with an ill-concealed air of disappointment and annoyance.

"I think it is very fortunate for you to get away. How soon does it say?"

"This day week,' said Rupert, glancing at it. "They scarcely gave me time even to get well."

"The best thing you can do then, Rupert," said the Colonel, cheerily, "is to turn your horse's head in some other direction if you want to see the country. You have ridden often enough in that. It must be as familiar to you as the valleys of Devonshire by this time."

"I must ride out to acquaint them with the recall this one time, at any rate," said Rupert, as he sat undecided in the saddle.

"Very well, Rupert. I am sorry you are leaving us. But you should be very glad of it. There is not much here to attract an Englishman. You are very fortunate in getting away."

"I should rather stay a little longer, for all that," thought Rupert, as he cantered down the barrack square, passed the sentinel at the gates, and went forward in the direction of Orchard Cottage.

"It's a singular thing," thought he to himself, as he rode past the quarry, "that that place, so unfortunate for my uncle, should have led me into such scenes so outside the path of my intended duties. And should have introduced me to Grangemore and to—Norah! Ay, Norah! Beautiful Norah!"

As the young girl's face and eyes raised themselves before him in imagination, he put spurs to his horse and trotted more quickly.

He was anxious to know what would Norah think of his going. What position did he hold in her regard? What in her heart? Would she feel as lonely and sorrowful at the parting as his present pangs told him he unmistakably would? Was she as glad to see him as he was to see her?

These and many other curious questions arose in his mind as he rode along, creating within him more distrust and uneasiness than he would have thought possible yesterday. His previous visits had been paid without any very well defined intentions. They gave him pleasure. The sweet face of Norah, the pleasant raillery of Maury, the unembarrassed ease of his intercourse, the absence of all ceremony, and the delicacy and reserve that covered all things as with a silver mantle, made them extremely agreeable to him

It was only now, that he was about to leave; that these pleasant hours were to conclude; that the fair face of the handsome girl should no more come before him; that he felt as if he were parting with something very dear to him, and that ties of tenderness he wotted not of before had woven themselves round his heart, and pained him now in their threatened severance.

To banish these reflections that seared him with a pain he had never felt before, he turned up the boreen that led from the road to the cottage. The gate of the meadow behind it was opened, and so he carelessly cantered in that direction.

As he passed by, the windows that opened on to the meadow were thrown wide, and he saw, with something of a start, that an addition had been unaccountably made to the household at the Orchard.

A young man was sitting within whom he had never seen there before. Nevertheless, there was something in his face, some familiar look or expression, which made it seem to him as if he had some where before seen it. On the sofa, very pale and white, lay another, as if very ill; and, holding the hand of the latter was—to his intense astonishment—none other than Norah! Yes, kneeling at his side, and holding his hand.

The feeling of surprise and astonishment was almost instantaneously followed by another and a very different felling.

It was one of anger and jealousy. Who were those of whom he had heard nothing before? What mystery was there surrounding the house that had been so carefully kept from his knowledge? Who was this with whom Norah was on terms of such extraordinary intimacy?

These questions he could not answer. Nor was the information he received when he rode round into the garden calculated to remove the distrust and suspicions excited in his mind. Norah met him outside the door with her usual grace and friendliness—told him Joe had gone on fishing towards the Shannon, that Maury had driven by the lower road to Athlone, and that, all the cares of house devolving upon herself, he should excuse her want of courtesy in not asking him to descend and rest himself.

Astonished and astounded at this sudden change in the state of affairs, Rupert, after a short time, during which he, however, could note no alteration in Norah's manner or friendliness towards him, turned his horse's head around, and considerably damped and disappointed, took his way once more round the boreen, at a much slower rate than that by which he had come, and emerged on the high road.

Who were they of whom he had unexpectedly got a glimpse? Who were these strangers, and how long had they been there? Had they been there all the time of his visitings, and, if so, why had their presence been concealed from him?

What were they to Norah that she should thus minister to them with so much affection and solicitude? Could she have been keeping this mystery from him all the time of his visits, frank and unreserved as she seemed to be?

But then, again. What right had he to challenge her conduct? What control had he, or what right to exercise, over her actions? What was he to Norah, or Norah to him, that he should care what other friends and relationships she had? There was Lucy Hardinge, for instance

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Poor Rupert!

All the high pedestal of uncare, and platonic indifference which he was seeking to build, before that unhappy thought vanished into thin space!

Lucy Hardinge was a beautiful girl, no doubt, with frank manners and pleasing address. But when Norah's unnameable handsomeness and winsomeness rose up side by side with hers in his imagination, it was only then that he knew how dearly he loved her, and what a hold she had got over him; and how her bright eyes and radiant smile and winning ways had been silently and unconsciously, and unfelt, weaving the silver web of love around his heart with a force of prevailing power stronger than bands of twisted steel.

And as this knowledge came to his thoughts, came also crowding with it the former doubts and distrusts. Who was this friend for whom she showed such solicitude? Who was the other that sat at the window? Why had she not even hinted at these acquaintances during any of his visits? Could any of them be—had she, then, a lover? Was the charming manner, the brightness of those welcoming eyes, merel, the outcome of her natural ways, and meaning nothing more than the ordinary greetings to one whom chance had made an acquaintance?

The very thought smote his soul with a feeling of terror.

"Perhaps it is so," he thought. "Perhaps it is so. I ought to ride back again and find out."

He had reined his horse partly round as he spoke, and spoke aloud irresolutely.

"Yet why should I go back? To ask her who were those in the house! As if I had a right to make use of knowledge which I only gained by chance—and by a rude chance too, for I had no business to ride that way. And what else? To ask a young lady—a stranger of a month ago!—pooh! Rupert, you are dreaming!" said he, addressing himself aloud.

"And if you are, Mr. Clarendon," said a voice beside him, 'the best way to banish it is by a good rattling ride!'

Rupert looked around him with a start. The absorbing nature of his meditations had left him without sight or hearing for outer objects, and it was with a feeling of surprise, that he was unable at first to control, that he noticed Sir Hardinge and and Lucy with their horses reined up beside him. The public road, not much frequented, had a border of thick grass extending on each side, parallel to the hedge, and this had in a great degree dulled the tread of the horses' feet.

Rupert lifted his hat to Miss Lucy, and, exerting his faculty of self possession, was speedily at his ease among them.

"Do you often soliloquise like this, Mr. Clarendon?" said Miss Hardinge.

"No, I should hope not. I did not even know I was soliloquising now," said Rupert, genially.

"There was no doubt, from the fragment of conversation we were unintentional listeners to," said Miss Hardinge, laughing, "you are not exaggerated in your opinion of yourself."

Rupert not knowing or remembering, by reason of the start he had received, what it was exactly that he had been saying, and whether, by some unfortunate mischance, he had not mentioned Norah's name, was a little embarrassed.

"Yes," said he, "I was in a humor for a little self-upraiding at that moment."

"For living in Ireland, I warrant you," said Sir Hardinge. "I agree with you there! Under the present unfortunate condition of the country it is anything but a pleasant place to live in. Only think of it! A splendid house I was building on a farm from which I was obliged to dispossess a tenant, was burned down last night! Burned to the ground! What a horrible race of people!"

"Who burned it?" asked Rupert, not clear, from the statement, as to whom was incriminated.

"Who burned it!" echoed Sir Hardinge with some surprise. "Why, who burned it but those wretched people—a people whom I am sorry to say are growing more furious and ruffianly every year."

"But what motive?' said Rupert, as he turned his horse round, and, placing Miss Hardinge between them, rode on with them. "What motive could they have? People don't act without some motive in these things."

"No motive whatever. These people are too ignorant for motives. Their whole intention latterly is to burn and destroy."

"Can they not be prevented?"

"We are trying that."

"How?"

"Well, we have applied for a barrack on the townland. The application has been signed by all the magistrates in the county."

"Ah!"

"Yes there will be some thirty men stationed there. That will quell this foul spirit."

"I should think so," said Rupert. "Thirty armed men is a formidable force."

"It is formidable in other ways than by force of arms," said Sir Hardinge.

"More formidable?"

Rupert looked puzzled.

"Yes, much more formidable."

"I confess I don't understand," said Rupert.

"In this way," said Sir Hardinge, in explanation. "They have to pay for it."

"To pay for what?"

"For this force."

"Who have?'

"The people."

"Do you mean the people who have done this deed?"

"No; we don't know them [illegible]"

"And who then?"

"The people generally."

"The innocent?"

"Yes, certainly. All."

"You don't mean," said [illegible] ing back his horse and ridin[illegible] a pleasant apology to Mis[illegible] Hardinge's side, the better [illegible] "you don't mean that the pe[illegible] had nothing to do with this [illegible] more, may abhor and det[illegible] must assume there are son[illegible] land—have to bear this exp[illegible]

'Certainly," said Sir Har[illegible] at the simplicity of the [illegible] tainly. And to pay for [illegible] too"

"Even though they did not know [illegible] prove of it?"

"Certainly!"

"But do you think that justice?"

"Certainly, I think it justice."

"It seems to me," said Rupert, "rather an uncivilized arrangement."

"As how?" asked Sir Hardinge.

"Why as punishing the innocent with the guilty—and doing so knowingly."

"Knowingly?"

"Yes; not by accident or intention. A man may," said Rupert, "be hung sometimes by mistake, but it is by mistake; but here the punishment is quite otherwise."

"But what would you have? How preserve the peace otherwise? How preserve order?"

"Well, that is a question I am not competent to answer," said the officer. "Generally speaking I should say by leaving no stone unturned to arrest the guilty parties."

"That is much more easily said than done. You don't," said Sir Hardinge, "know the people around you or you would not say that."

"I do not; therefore it was that I said I was not competent to answer the question how order was to be preserved. But on general grounds I think punishing the innocent with the guilty is much more likely to make the innocent become guilty than to make the rogues honest men. For the latter are not likely to sorrow over the sufferings of their innocent neighbors."

"Yet you see it is repeatedly done. The great Duke himself, when he captured a hostile town in Spain, did not wait to see who were the guilty and hostile parties. He punished, by levies of immense sums of money, and otherwise, the innocent with the guilty."

"Oh, yes; but that was in the time of war, when——"

"But we are in a state of war here."

"I did not know that," said Rupert, rather chargrined at the interruption.

"Yes, we have the Irish enemy always here—before us and around us."

"The Irish enemy!"

"Yes, the Irish enemy; always ready to shoot, and slay, and burn.

"I confess I have not seen any indication of it, and I have ridden about the country constantly. I have never," said Rupert, "met friendlier or kindlier people; more quick, courteous, and ready to give information or answer a question."

"But you are not a landlord;"

"No, truly; but I am a stranger and an Englishman, yet they have never offended me."

"But you are not a landlord. If you were——"

"Does not that look pretty, Mr. Clarendon?" asked Miss Hardinge, pointing with her whip to a rising ground in the distance, near a bend on the road. She asked the question more to divert the conversation of the gentlemen from its present subject, which had an unpleasant tendency, and in which she could not well bear a part, than because of any interest she had or felt in the scenery indicated.

"It is, Miss Hardinge," said Rupert courteously, "exquisite; the colors are beautifully intermixed. That field of waving corn, for instance, how well it contrasts with the dark foliage of the trees in the background, and with the striking greenness of the grass fields beside it."

"I like the country when the autumn arrives," said Miss Hardinge.

"So do I," said Rupert enthusiastically; "and I think it would be very difficult to find a more beautiful landscape than this. It may want the mountain scenery of other lands, but it has a rich hue and changefulness of color peculiar to itself It gives to one's mind a sense of wealth and fertility very pleasing."

"That sloping hill you admire so much, Mr. Clarendon," said Sir Hardinge.

"Yes," said Rupert, looking again admiringly at it.

"That is another instance of what I was saying. Tenants of mine lived there. I had to dispossess them. Why? This is a nearly perfect illustration of what I was saying. It was necessary, in the due and proper management of the estate, to dispossess them. I could have given them a farm as good elsewhere. They would not have it. They had old fashioned notions of keeping to the same place. I could not permit that. If I wanted to improve the estate I could not possibly allow their notions to interfere with mine. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Rupert vaguely, with an indistinct notion of what he was saying, for at that moment Norah Moore's face appeared before his imagination in all its wondrous beauty, and removed him, in spirit at least, far from his present company.

"Just so," said Sir Hardinge pleasantly. "I knew you were too sensible not to admit the justness of what I was saying But, further than that, a son of the woman who held that farm as tenant from me had the audacity to join a society originated really for the purpose of murdering all landlords in the country, and for which he was afterwards transported. What do you think of that?"

"It was deplorable," assented Rupert.

"Yes. What was lest me to do? The only thing that was left me to do was to dispossess them, which I did. And I am informed the misguided tenants around me think that was an act of injustice. That alone will show you the character of the people among whom we live."

"Yes."

"It was a clear question as to who should be owner, you see, Mr. Clarendon," said Miss Hardinge.

"It was, of course," assented Rupert negligently.

"It was something more," said Sir Hardinge, very much pleased at this endorsement of his proceedings; "it was a question of disputed authority; it was a question of property and law, and order versus revolution and midnight societies. The rights of property must be maintained here as in England, Mr. Clarendon; and if we were to allow these to succumb, where would we be? Now, these Moores, for instance, if——"

"I beg your pardon, Sir Hardinge, what name did you say?"

Rupert had been thinking of Norah Moore all the time; and as the name dropped from the lips of Sir Hardinge, it awoke his dreaming brain and wandering attention at once. Wherefore his question.

"Moore," said Sir Hardinge, little pleased at this mark of inattention

"Yes, yes, Sir Hardinge," said Rupert courteously, now quite alive to his story. "They were dispossessed."

"Yes. There was nothing else to be done."

"Of course not," said Rupert, whose attention again was wandering. There was a magnet somewhere in Norah Moore's sparkling eyes—though magnets as a rule do not sparkle—that drew his thoughts forcibly back to Orchard Cottage. "What became of them?"

"I don't know. The son, as I told you, was transported, but what became of the others I do not know."

"But a very odd thing," continued Sir Hardinge, as the officer made no remark on the last statement, "in connection with the affair is that the convict ship in which Moore was being brought to the penal settlements was wrecked."

"Where," asked Rupert, interested all at once.

"In the Bay of Biscay."

"In a storm?"

"In one of the most violent storms that came over the seas for years, which the oldest seaman failed to remember anything to equal. Hundreds of vessels on the sea that night failed to report since, and the conclusion is they foundered. Foundered, at any rate, did the convict ship; and thus this unfortunate young man was saved from further misdeeds by the merciful interposition of Providence—and drowned."

"Very curious," said Rupert in deep thought, but whether his remark applied to the interposition of Divine Providence in that behalf, or to something else that was in his head is unknown.

"Yes," said Miss Hardinge, "but turning from those matters, which too long have occupied our attention, I think it must be close to luncheon time. You will lunch with us, Mr. Clarendon—will you not?"

"I shall have much pleasure," said Rupert, and they turned their horses' heads in the direction of Grangemore Castle, and cantered pleasantly along the road, Rupert doing his best to arrest his wandering attention and carry on the conversation.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

An Spealadair.

V

A riogh-bhan bhéasach aithris dom'
An tú an fhaoilean tré 'nar treasgaradh;
Na mlite dhon féin le gangaid Thaile,
Mhic Tréoin, thug an tárre
Núar an bhrighdeach HELEN d'aistrigh;
Tar túinn o'n n-Gréig le'r treasgaradh catleadh trúip;
A m-brighin na Trae mar bheartaigh Dhroighthe;
Aléir rounaibh dáin.
An mhasgalach ó Aldain thug laoch leis na bháre;
An aingbir le's thuit clann Uaisnigh mar léightear inn 's na dáin
Nú an réultan mhaordha thaithnionmhach,
Thug saoidhthe Gaodhail a nanachruth;
Dá drúim gar phreamhuig danairuile;
A réim Innis-fáil.

VI

Is béasach stuama d'fhreagair mé;
Ag déanamh uaill is cathaighthe
Ní chom d'ar luais ad sdartha me;
Cé léir dom an táin.
Is me céile is nuachar Charrolus,
Tá déarach duaire faol tharouisne;
Gan réim na buadh mar cleactsa;
Mo laoch ó tá air fán;
Lo feartaibh chirt an arraid-mhicfuair peannud cruisé ispais
Beidh sgaipe is rioth air Gnaliatbhuile d'shealbhaigár stáit;
Ní daitnidh liom an aleme thug,
Mo dhearca sille lachta tiugh,
Au annabhruid faoi an ama ag,
Gach saor bhilie sámh.

VII

Fé mar luadar sean-drughthe,
Go déanach tuair is tarrangaire;
Beidh *feet* a g-cuainta Banba,
Faoi feile Naomh o-Sheághain,
A tabhairt sgeimhle is ruaga a bh-fear Chure,
Tar liounta ruadh na fairge
Air gach sméirle mor-chuirp Sassanaig
Is ní leiun liom a B-práiun
Beidh geara cioidhimh is sgaipe trmp is tréna treasguirt namhaid
Air gach ailp aca do chleachtach *punch* is féasda sa phais
Dob aite liom na samhair-phuic,
A cac 'sa chrith le h-eagla;
Ná an racairachd so chapadar,
Lochd féir a ghearradh, air páth.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eady, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Home-Seekers' Excursions via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry.

On Tuesdays, May 20, September 9 and 23, and October 14, 1890, agents of the St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to principal points in the West, Northwest, South and Southwest at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars call on or address agents of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. P. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Arcner ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 298 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 420 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2064 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Bathz, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 837 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.S. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m. Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 7 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church.—Selden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

HURLED INTO ETERNITY

Frightful Result of a Locomotive Boiler Explosion.

TWO PERSONS BLOWN TO PIECES.

The Bodies of the Engineer and Fireman Found Hundreds of Feet from the Scene of the Explosion—Cyclone Storms Cause Great Havoc in Different Parts of the Country—The City of Akron, Ohio, Badly Damaged.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 12.—About 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon Lehigh Valley engine No. 261, George Pearl, engineer, and Henry J. O'Connor, fireman, started for East Buffalo with a train of twenty-seven cars. The train was moving slowly and had crossed the Lake Shore tracks at the Buffalo Creek junction when the locomotive exploded. A roar was heard like the discharge of a battery of heavy artillery, the earth trembled as though with an earthquake, and the air was filled with flying fragments of iron, steel, brass and timber, accompanied by a cloud of mingled steam and dust. Engine 261 had disappeared, and all that remained of its sixty tons of mechanism were the six driving wheels, the truck and wheels at the forward end. The tracks were ripped from the ties and bent out of shape, the ground was torn up for some distance, and broken telegraph and electric light wires dangled from their posts in a tangled mass. Desolation and ruin had been wrought in the twinkling of an eye and two lives had been sacrificed, for there was no trace of either engineer or fireman.

Hurled Many Hundred Feet.

What was apparently a human body was seen flying through the air at an elevation of 100 feet, and was observed to fall on the Lake Shore railroad at least 1,000 feet west of where the explosion occurred. The body of the other unfortunate man took a northeasterly course at a high elevation and dropped into the creek 500 feet away. In the ditch to the west was the shattered twenty-five-ton boiler, on the other side, 100 feet distant, was the crown sheet, battered and twisted out of shape, and across the adjacent slip the dome and a huge fragment of the boiler lay upon the coal-dumping pier of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railroad, 400 feet away. In striking it had crushed into the timbers and sent great splinters in all directions. A switch shanty alongside the track was badly wrecked. Soon a search for the missing engineer and fireman was begun. The body of Pearl was found in the creek. It was brought to the surface and hoisted to the coal dock. Its condition was shocking; apparently every bone was broken, the head and face were frightfully mutilated, as was also the trunk, nearly the entire abdomen being torn away.

In a Frightful Condition.

O'Connor's body was found between the stumps of two trees alongside the lake shore tracks. The head was crushed, the face disfigured beyond recognition, and in the left side was a great gaping hole. The man's shoes had been wrenched from his feet and his garments reduced to shreds. The legs and arms were apparently fractured. The bodies were placed on a flat car and brought to the Exchange Street station and were removed to the morgue preparatory to taking them to the homes of the dead men. The cause of the explosion it is not likely will ever be definitely known. Superintendent Broadhead said: "It is one of those mysterious affairs which no one has ever yet been able to satisfactorily explain."

Plenty of Water in the Boiler.

Its immense force first suggested what is called a dry explosion, but this theory was dispated by the fact that a building several hundred feet from the track was struck by a volume of muddy water that it is believed came from the exploded boiler. The tank of the tender was not quite full, from which it was concluded that water had been pumped into the boiler but a short time before it exploded. The engine was sixty-ton consolidated Baldwin and had been in service about ten years. It was overhauled in the shops about three or four months ago.

TORNADO AT AKRON, OHIO.

Path Cut Through the City and Many Buildings Demolished.

AKRON, Ohio, May 12.—Saturday was a sad day for this city. A terrible cyclone moved down upon us, causing great damage. Professor Egbert, of Buchtel college, who was out in the storm, calculated that it was traveling at the rate of four miles a minute, so that its track of about a mile and a half through this city was traversed in little more than twenty seconds. It moved in almost a straight line through a well-settled part of the city, and scarcely a foot of the mile and a half traversed, but is strewn with splintered timbers, broken furniture, uprooted trees, and leveled barns and outhouses. In a trip over the storm's path nineteen dwellings were counted that were either ripped into kindling wood or so badly wrecked that they can not be occupied. About seventy-five persons in all, are out of house and home and are being sheltered by friends.

Many People Injured.

Eighteen persons were injured but it is thought all will recover. Seventy-five buildings, including residences, barns, and outhouses, were damaged by the wind and not one escaped that was in a direct line of the tornado. Uprooted trees are counted by the score. Many that were blown down or cut off are from one to two feet in diameter. Buildings that resisted the winds are in a dangerous condition and many will have to be torn down. Outhouses in some cases were transplanted from fifty to 100 feet and set down in neighboring yards. Thousands of people visited the scene of destruction Sunday, and a force of special police stood guard over remnants of residences and house furnishings.

LATER.—All the injured by the tornado on Saturday night are reported to be more comfortable and the physicians express the belief all will recover. Conservative estimates place the loss on buildings alone at $80,000, and other losses will make the total more than $100,000. A relief movement was started and a fund will be raised to assist the homeless in rebuilding.

RUIN AND DEATH IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Two Person Killed and Many Injured, and Much Havoc Wrought at Franklin.

FRANKLIN, Pa., May 12.—A terrible cyclone passed over the southern part of this county Sunday evening about 5 o'clock. Two people, Noah Jackson and his wife, were killed outright and a large number of person dangerously injured. The storm was generel throughout the county, but the deadly cyclone, only about 300 feet wide, extended about twenty-five miles. Everything in its path was demolished, trees uprooted, and houses and barns completely demolished. In one instance a house containing an invalid was struck and the bed of the sick man lifted up bodily and carried out into the yard, where it fetched up against a tree. The man was badly injured. A large number of cattle were killed. The path of the cyclone extended from near the county line to the Allegheny river. No trains have arrived on the Allegheny Valley railroad since Sunday night on account of slides and a bad wreck about five miles south of this city, where the cyclone struck the river.

Great Cloud-Burst Near Oil City.

OIL CITY, Pa., May 12.—The most destructive cloud-burst and cyclones ever known struck this section about 11 p. m. Houses, barns, bridges, oil well rigs, and gas lines are in ruins. At East Sandy, about eight miles from here, the residence of William Nunnemaker was blown down, burying the entire family in ruins. Mr. and Mrs. Nunnemaker are seriously injured and their two children will die of their injuries. Mr. and Mrs. Noah Jackson were buried in the ruins of their residence and taken out dead and badly mangled. The residences of Thomas Starr and William Lambertson were destroyed. The Valley railroad also suffered severely. Freight train No. 68 struck a land-slide at Hull's siding, throwing eighteen flat cars in the ditch. Three hundred feet of track was washed out at Astral and smaller portions at Brandon. All mails were delayed twenty hours.

Collision at a Tunnel.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., May 12.—One engineer, two firemen and two brakemen were killed by the collision of two freight trains on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad at a tunnel four miles from here. The accident was caused by a misunderstanding of running orders.

SEWING MACHINES ABLAZE.

The Mammoth Singer Works at Elizabeth, N. J., Entirely Destroyed.

ELIZABETH, N. J., May 7.—At 11 o'clock Tuesday night the mammoth Singer sewing maching factory was discovered to be in flames, and soon the main building was a mass of ashes, and the flames were rapidly making their destructive way to the surrounding structures of the company. The fire was first seen on the third floor, having broken out in the machine shop. The entire fire department responded to the alarm, but the water from the steam engines had but little effect.

A Loss of $3,000,000.

Four of six engines in the city became stuck in the mud and thus the flames gained control. One by one the huge walls collapsed and crashed to the ground, many persons narrowly escaping death. The loss will be very heavy. The concern supported 3,300 employes, the weekly pay roll being $43,000. About 2,000 men worked in the main building. Much of the stock, books, and records of the company was saved. The loss is estimated at $3,000,000, covered by insurance.

TO SUCCEED RANDALL.

Ex-Mayor Vaux Nominated by the Philadelphia Democrats.

PHILADELPHIA, May 12.—State Senator William McAleer has withdrawn from the contest for the Democratic nomination for congress from the Third district, the district represented so long by the late Samuel J. Randall. The selection of a candidate to succeed Randall got into the courts Saturday in an attempt to annul the returns of the primary elections in some districts that voted for Gentner, but the judge refused to interfere, saying that the returns were regular on their face. This is probably the reason of McAleer's withdrawal.

LATER.—The Hon. Richard Vaux was nominated for congress by the Third district Democratic convention Monday morning to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Samuel J. Randall.

Railway Conductors' Convention.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 12.—Delegates to the general convention of the Order of Railway Conductors, which begins its session at the city hall on Tuesday afternoon, began to arrive yesterday morning, and there are already at least 200 representatives of the order in the city from all parts of the country. There are 254 divisions of the order in the United States, Canada and Mexico, and representatives are expected from each of them.

A Great Railway Bridge Opened.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12.—The Chronicle's special from Needles, Cal., says: The first train to cross the Atlantic and Pacific great cantilever branch passed over at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, allowing travel to be resumed after thirty hours interruption caused by wash-out. The bridge is 900 feet long, the span 660 feet between the main piers—the longest span of that type in America.

Detective Lynch Exonerated.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 12.—At the coroner's inquest in the Lynch-Stoddard shooting case Saturday several witnesses testified as to Stoddard's bad record and that they had heard him threaten Lynch's life. The jury brought in a verdict on each body, exonerating the detective from all blame on the ground of self defense.

Killed by a Blow with the Fist.

LACROSSE, Wis., May 12.—Yesterday afternoon William Rewey, engineer at Davidson's mill, and ex-Postmaster Oliver Olsen, of Midway, had some difficulty in a saloon in this city. Rewey struck Olsen with his fist, killing him instantly. The murderer made his escape, but was run down and captured at Onalaska.

Not Prepared to Fight Fire.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 12.—Fifteen two-story frame business houses of the village of Ellicottville, N. Y., were destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon. The village has no fire department and assistance was given them from Salamanca and Bradford. The loss is about $40,000.

Piano Factory at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 12.—A deal has been completed here by local capitalists for the establishment of a large piano factory, employing 300 men. The Mehlin piano, of New York, is absorbed by the Century Piano company, of this city.

Cleveland's Advice to the Farmers.

STEUBENVILLE, O., May 12.—In a letter replying to one from the Farmers' Alliance, Grover Cleveland strongly advises the farmers to work for tariff reform in order to improve their condition.

A DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

Another Row in the Baptist Church at Joliet.

OPPOSING MEMBERS SUSPENDED.

Rev. Mr. Whitman Finally Comes Off Triumphant and the Sensational Meetings Are Probably Ended—Boisterous Scenes of Confusion and Unchristianlike Language Used by the Excited People—List of the Members Suspended.

JOLIET, Ills., May 13.—There was another grand set-to in the Baptist church Monday night, and it is probably the final one, as the majority, who are with the pastor, made a wholesale suspension of the opposing members, among whom are some of the most prominent men in town. The pastor's majority is increasing since they received and baptized him anew and resolved to blot out the past. The trouble arose over a resolution setting forth the grievances of the opposition—that contrary to the church laws members had been removed without trial; that a large and respectable element was not satisfied with the pastor's record after the finding of the Charlottetown trial sustaining the charges against him, and that they wanted to submit the entire matter to a council of thirty Baptist ministers and thirty laymen from sister churches. The church refused to grant the petition amid boisterous scenes, confusion and unchristian language. The pastor was accused of putting a gag on the opposition when they were in the majority last Sunday night by pronouncing the benediction and not entertaining a motion for the petition.

The Fun Commences.

On the vote refusing the petition the Rev. Whitman, who presides at all these entertainments, counted 120 for his side and 6 for the opposition. One of the opposition shouted: "I counted 20; put on your specs, old man."

Then the Rev. Whitman began to read and contradict a letter from a Charlottetown sister to Mrs. Savage, saying that all the Rev. Whitman's credentials were forgeries. Brother Ross said he did not read it right. Sister Bush said she knew he did not read right. The Rev. Whitman said: "Brother Ross, may be you think I am untruthful."

"I know it," Brother Ross retorted.

"Put him out," shouted one. "Send for a policeman," cried another.

The Rev. Whitman finally got order and told Mr. Bush, Miss Bush, and Mr. Ross that he would give them the names of all who signed his credentials and they could write to see if they were forgeries.

Brother Ross retorted: "I would like the address of Mary MacWilliams." This is the lady whom the pastor is charged with visiting under an assumed name.

"Ah," said the Rev. Whitman, "you desire to cultivate her acquaintance, do you?"

Used Severe Language.

This created an outburst of shouts, hisses, and hand clapping. Then the resolution suspending a large batch of active opponents was read, and Brother Lull wanted the names and the charges. The Rev. Whitman said it was too late. Brother Lull rattled off some severe language, the substance of which was that if all the hose in Joliet were turned on the pastor it would not wash away his uncleanliness.

After a most unchristian, not to say disgraceful, controversy that would hardly be respectable in a bar room, the church voted to suspend the following: J. E. Bush, Solomon Williams and wife, William Myers and wife, J. M. Preston and wife, William Ross, Mrs. F. S. Savage, Mrs. Nettie Gaskell, William Patterson, and Harry Williams. Two little girls jumped up and shouted: "We want to be suspended, too." The names are among the most respectable in the church.

Rev. Whitman's Following.

It was the general verdict that all opposition would have to be displaced from the church and resolved that the scandal should never again be alluded to in the church. The following of the Rev. Whitman is made up of good people, earnest and candid in their faith to him, while the opposition is equally respectable, earnest and candid. Though it must be confessed that while hitherto Christianlike in their conduct and discussing this matter the following of the pastor behaved the best, though the whole affair was a libel on Christianity. The difficulty is now settled, and there will probably be no more such sensational meetings.

International Prison Conference.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 13.—The United States will have no official representative at the international prison congress to be held at St. Petersburg. Warden Wright, of the western penitentiary, has received a letter from Washington, saying the government had determined that it was not expedient to have an official representative at the congress, and that full instructions had been sent Charles Emery Smith, the minister at St. Petersburg, relative to the wishes of the government in this matter. Warden Wright had intended going in case a government representative was decided upon. He says W. F. M. Rowns, of New York, now in Europe, will attend as a representative of a prison association, as will also F. M. Sanborn, of Massachusetts.

The Lottery Company Denounced.

NEW ORLEANS, May 13.—Governor Nicholls, in his message to the legislature strongly advised that no privileges be granted to the Louisiana Lottery company beyond the time of the expiration of its present charter. The governor is very bitter in his denunciation of the lottery company, and argues that to again legalize it, will be offering a premium on corruption which would certainly find its way into the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of the state governments.

Another Strike Settled.

QUINCY, Mass., May 13.—The strike of the granite cutters here is ended. A conference, lasting from noon to midnight, of representatives of the Granite Cutters' association and of the strikers, resulted in a compromise and the granite cutters will return to work this week. The quarrymen remain firm in their demands which, it is thought, will be granted.

Fire at Ashley, Pa.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 13.—The fire at Ashley late Monday night completely destroyed five dwellings as follows: Blackwell's jewelry store, S. E. Wells' grocery, Union hall, Dr. James' residence and office, Mr. Meniger's dwelling and six or seven barns. The loss, which is partly covered by insurance, is about $60,000.

WANTED TO "FIRE" THE SHERIFF.

An Exciting Scene at a Meeting of a Common Council.

MADISON, Wis., May 10.—At a meeting of the common council Alderman King and Sheasley, and chief engineer of the fire department, Hughes, and Policeman Lewis were called upon to show cause why they should not be removed from office, according to a report of a committee appointed by the council to examine into charges against them. Attorneys appeared for each person and protested against the proceeding. This protest was denied. The sheriff was then ordered to serve an injunction issued against the mayor and common council, when the mayor called upon the chief of police to eject the sheriff from the room.

The Sheriff Had Help.

The chief and the sheriff had a lively contest. The sheriff called upon the gathering in the rear of the chamber in the name of the state to assist him. A number of the crowd rushed in and aided the sheriff and he was enabled to serve the injunction upon the mayor and each member. The mayor refused to recognize the same and the attorneys and their clients retired from the chamber. The mayor ordered the city attorney to read the testimony, which he did for two hours, when the council adjourned.

A STRANGE INFATUATION.

A Young St. Paul Girl Thought to Have Eloped with a Negro.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 9.—Ida Steinhoff, a 17 year-old daughter of a well-to-do Bohemian, is missing. On Saturday evening she went to Minneapolis to visit some friends, and said, on leaving home, that she would return Wednesday evening. This she failed to do, and her mother, getting uneasy, went to Minneapolis in search of her. This led to the discovery that she had not been seen by the friends she was to have visited, and several of the girl's relatives joined in the search. Discoveries were made which indicate that she has eloped with a negro named John L. Adams, and the two have gone to Omaha to be married.

Another Bank Closes Its Doors.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10.—The American Life Insurance company closed its doors Saturday morning. President MacFarlane was seen at his office and said that the immediate effect of the quo warranto issued by the attorney general to appear in court and show cause why its business should not be closed would be to stop business at one. From the time of the receipt of the writ of the attorney general the company can do no more life insurance. "We must wait until further notice," he said. "Further than this I do not care to talk." Commissioner Forster is now in Harrisburg where he said "things look bad for the company. The stock is sunk, and I am trying to protect the policy holders with what is left. It is to their interest to have the company dissolved. The assets are insufficient to carry on the business."

Valuable Horses Burned.

BOSTON, May 10.—Twenty-seven valuable horses, the property of Cambridge gentlemen, were burned to death early in the morning in the Oxford stable, the finest boarding stable in Cambridge. The loss will reach $20,000. Several of the horses were noted steppers. Mr. Stearns R. Ellis, proprietor of the Oxford boarding stable, estimates the total loss at $30,000. Only seven animals were saved. Mr. J. F. Washburn's pacer "Topsy" and two valuable roadsters owned by J. W. Hazen as well as a number of pet animals were also burned. Mr. Ellis had $4,000 insurance on his property. The cause of the is unknown.

Senator Wolcott to Marry.

NEW YORK, May 10.—A Washington dispatch to a morning paper says: "Senator Ed Wolcott, of Colorado, admits that he is to marry Mrs. Bass, widow of Grover Cleveland's old law partner. The wedding will be in Buffalo next Wednesday, and will be the most brilliant in the history of the city. Congressman John Sanford, of New York, will be the best man, and over half a dozen senators, among them Cameron, Plumb, and Teller, will attend the wedding. Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland will also be present."

Killed by a Fall.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 10.—Electric motor cars began running over the Petrie Street bridge Saturday morning, and the Brooklyn Street Railway company set men to work strengthening the structure so as to make it safe for heavy trains to cross it. While they were working upon a scaffold, seventy feet from the ground, the slipping of a rope caused two workmen named Ruby and Froelich to fall to the ground. Ruby was killed instantly and Froelich was badly injured.

Conflagration at Grove City, Pa.

GROVE CITY, Pa., May 9.—At 3 o'clock in the morning fire of incendiary origin was discovered in Forest's barber shop on Main street. Before the fury of the flames could be checked all of the district between the Grove City Banking company's building and the tracks of the Pittsburg, Shenango and Lake Erie railway was swept clean. Upwards of twenty-five business houses and dwellings were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $39,000 to $40,000, on which the insurance is small.

Verdict Against the Pullman Company.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, May 10.—The jury in the case of Campbell vs. Pullman Palace Car company, on trial in the United States court here, at 10 o'clock Friday night returned a verdict of $11,000 for the plaintiff. The suit was for $20,000 damages, because of the attempted assault on the plaintiff, Jennie Campbell, by a colored porter of a Pullman car running into this city over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. The case will be appealed.

Hanged for His Crime.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 10.—William Davis, colored, was hanged at Union, for the murder of Susie Fernandes. He made a confession that he cut the girl's throat during a drunken quarrel with her. On his trial he said that four other men attacked the girl and killed her in his presence. In his confession he asks the forgiveness of these men whom he had wrongly accused. He met his fate calmly.

Carlisle After Beck's Seat.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 9.—Ex-Speaker John Griffin Carlisle has declared his candidacy for the seat made vacant by the death of Senator Beck. In company with his friends from Covington and Newport he went to Frankfort Thursday to present his claims to the legislature now in session. It is believed he will be nominated by the caucus on the second ballot.

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KISSED ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

"You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob Green
At his good neighbor, Brown,—
"You kissed my wife upon the street,—
I ought to knock you down."

"That's where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
In accents mild and meek;
"I kissed her; that I've not denied,
But I kissed her on the cheek—

and I did it because she looked so handsome—the very picture of beauty and health. What is the secret of it?"

"Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I will tell you: she uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I accept your apology. Good night."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull, lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years. It is a *positive specific* for leucorrhea, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb.

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally valuable when taken for those derangements incident to that later and critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

A Book of 160 pages, on "Woman and Her Diseases, their Nature, and How to Cure them," sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a **Liver Pill.** Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to Take. **One Tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose.** Cures **Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Several of the original manuscripts of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins are soon to be sold in London.

Miss Bettie Ward, aged 23 years, living near Bethany, Ills., committed suicide Saturday by drowning herself in a well.

A general frost prevailed about Benton Harbor, Mich., Saturday night, killing all tender varieties of strawberries and grapes on low lands along the lake shore. Damages are supposed to be much greater inland.

An Allegheny woman has given birth to twins weighing together only one and a quarter pounds.

Hackmen in Baltimore, wanting to discourage Sunday funerals, have advanced rates for this day 50 cents.

The largest perfect diamond in the world is the Imperial, owned by a syndicate in Paris. It is valued at $1,000,000.

The laborers in the royal arsenal at Woolwich have demanded an increase of wages from 17 to 25 shillings a week.

A paper in Canton estimates that 75,000 people die in China every year by fire and flood.

Defaulter Pope has eluded the officers at Duluth and is nowhere to be found.

Gen. Russell A. Alger will preside at the the memorial services to be held in the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, on the evening of May 30.

Proprietor Edwards of the Queen's hotel, Fredericton, N. B., went to jail Saturday for three months for violating the Scott temperance act. Four prominent citizens now occupy quarters in the jail for violating this act for the third time.

Mrs. Rollin M. Squire has the credit of being the first horsewoman of New York who has driven tandem. She accomplished this feat at an exhibition at the Belmont Riding academy last week, the lead horse being her famous Kentucky saddle horse, Harker.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson has consented to unveil the equestrian statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Richmond, Va., May 29.

Engineer Amidon, aged 27, was caught in a flywheel in the glucose works at Marshalltown, Iowa, and was mangled to death.

A. D. Darnell, a leading attorney of Neuman, Ills., has been found guilty of embezzlement of funds collected by him.

In the house of a shoplifter apprehended in Philadelphia the other day there were found 167 packages of coffee, twenty-eight dress paterns, ninety bonnets, innumerable hats, fine shawls, laces, pocketbooks, cans of jelly, kid gloves, curtains, sachels and other articles worth $3,000.

Citizen George Francis Train has reached London on his trip around the world, after being fifty-two out from Tacoma.

Half the saloons of Baltimore have been closed through the enforcement of the high license law.

L. K. Moorehead, of San Francisco, has received an informer's fee of $5,000 for his assistance in the seizure of smuggled opium a year ago.

The government pays annually to the railroads the sum of nearly $40,000,000 for carrying the mails.

A Heavy Defalcation.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 12.—The defalcation of Book Keeper Whitney of the Albany City bank is now thought to reach $100,000. The bank is prepared to meet a run, other banks having offered it plenty of aid in case of need. It is stated that several members of firms through which Whitney's operated will be arrested, and also that a prominent business man has paid the bank $50,000 to cover worthless paper that had been made in collusion with Whitney.

Jumped into a Caldron of Acid.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., 12.—Asa Bishop, an employe of an acid factory here, committed suicide by jumping into a caldron containing boiling acetate of lime. His fellow workmen pulled him out as soon as possible, but he was so badly scalded that he soon died in great agony. Bishop was eccentric and it is thought he was insane.

Dissatisfied Tube Men.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 12.—Four thousand employes of the National tube-works at McKeesport struck for shorter hours and a 10 per cent. advance. General Manager Converse issues a statement in which he says that they are now paying higher wages than any other tube-works in the country.

Preached in a Bed of Ashes.

MONTICELLO, Ills., May 12.—Having for a pulpit the bed of ashes where the Bethel Union church had stood, Rev. Mr. Draper preached to immense throngs Sunday, morning and afternoon. A large subscription was raised to rebuild the church on the spot where the old one burned.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, May 12.

Following are the quotations on the board of trade today: Wheat—No. 2 May opened 94½c, closed 95½c; June, opened 94c, closed 94c; July, opened 92¾c, closed 94¼c. Corn—No. 2 May, opened 34¼c, closed 34¼c; June, opened 34¾c, closed 34¾c; July, opened 35c, closed 35½c. Oats—No. 2 May, opened 27¼c, closed 27⅝; June, opened 26c, closed 26¼c; July, opened 25½c, closed 25½c. Pork—May, opened $12.70, closed $12.90; June, opened $12.90, closed $13.00; July, opened $13.30, closed $13.45. Lard—June, opened $6.30, closed $6.37½.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices were quoted as follows: Hogs—Market opened fairly active but weak, with prices 5@10c lower; light grades, $3.95@4.20; rough packing, $3.90@4.35; mixed lots, $4.00@4.15; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.10@4.20.

Cattle—Steady to stronger; beeves, $3.75@5.30; cows and mixed, $1.75@3.75; stockers and feeders, $2.75@4.00. Sheep—Firm; muttons, $5.00@6.40; clipped westerns, 130 to 140 lbs. $4.75@5.70; lambs, $5.50@6.75.

Produce: Butter—Finest creamery, 16@17c per lb; finest dairy, 12½@15c; packing stock, 5@6. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 11c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 8½@9c per lb; spring chickens, $2.00@2.50 per doz; turkeys, 9@14c per lb; ducks, 11@12c; geese $4.00@6.00 per doz. Potatoes on track Common and mixed, 25@30c per bu; Peerless, 35@40c per bu; Beauty of Hebron, 43@45c per bu; Burbanks, 48@50 per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, good to choice, $3.50@3.75 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $3.00@4.50 per bbl.

Broom corn—Hurl, 6@7c per lb; whisk brush, 5½@6½c; green, self-working, 4½@5½c; inside and covers, 4@5c; common brush, 3½@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, May 12.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, $1.00 cash; do May, 98c; do June, 98½c; do July, 97½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 48c; do May, 42c; do June, 41¾c; do July, 42c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed cash, 34½c; do May, 34c; do June, 33¾c. Rye—Dull and unchanged. Barley—Dull and unchanged. Pork—Dull; mess, $14.00@14.50 for new. Lard Quiet; June, $6.74; July, $6.85.

Live Stock—Cattle—Market rules steady at former prices, with a firmer feeling at the close; poorest to best steers, $4.25@5.20 per 100 lbs; bulls and dry cows, $2.00@4.00. Sheep and Lambs—Market firm and 10c higher; clipped sheep, $4.00@6.00 per 100 lbs; unshorn do, $5.25@6.25; spring lambs, $7.25@8.25. Hogs—Market dull and [illegible] per 100 lbs.

A Cumulative Fish.

A Wisconsin man bought a mackerel that weighed eighteen pounds the other day. The pickerel had swallowed a bass that would weigh two pounds, and when he dressed the bass he rewarded by finding two good perch in him that he had swallowed unintentionally himself four hours before, as he stated.—Philadelphia Record.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 17, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — The Bostonians.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—London Gaiety Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Olivette."

HAYMARKET THEATRE,
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union —"Fantasma."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE,
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street — "A Royal Pass."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE,
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets — Tony Pastor.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Halsted street near Madison.—"One of the Finest."

NATIONAL PANORAMA,
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE,
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

CHANGE THE PROGRAMME.

Certain small marplots, who are not ashamed to call themselves Irish Nationalists, even though they now eat Saxon dirt and go back on their original principles, are employing themselves in attacking THE CITIZEN, west and east, because of its stand against the parliamentary plague which is now sapping the vitality of the Irish National movement. THE CITIZEN had begun to hope that the American Irish, at least, had ceased to be hero worshipers. Three grand principles animate men who are devoted to the cause of human freedom—God, country, liberty. Man himself comes last, because, without God, he is a beast; without a country he is a nomad; without liberty he is a helot. It is simply revolting to read the editorial pages of some of our American Irish contemporaries. THE CITIZEN can forgive their factiousness, their bitterness, their selfishness, but not their renegadery. They wallow, like hogs, in the mire of political backsliding and nauseating hero worship. They have nothing but gall and wormwood for the men who uphold the old land from the standpoint of the fathers of the national faith. The chords of the Irish national harp have been broken by the vandal hands of renegade "rebels," who do not seem to be conscious of their own degradation. Not alone has England cajoled in Ireland the spirit which she never could cow, but her mesmerism has reached this side of the Atlantic, and, today, the sneaks who a few years ago were, some of them at least, roaring revolutionists have now only ears for Gladstone and a slavish anxiety regarding "the integrity of the British Empire." They have become "moderate, sensible, practical men." The old fashioned notions of Tone and Davis and Mitchel have no place in their programme. Their meetings no longer menace "the peace of the Queen of England her crown and dignity in Ireland."

"Now friends," said John Mitchel, in one of his letters to the small farmers in 1848, "I think I hear some genteel patriot saying to you: Meet, agitate, make your voice constitutionally heard in parliament. Organize, educate, conciliate. Place yourself in the hands of Sharman Crawford (?, and he will contrive you another dreary bill; and after he has bored the House with it for half a dozen sessions, the survivors of you will see what will come of it. But take care, the genteel patriot will say, that you do nothing to repel or *alarm* the better classes; after awhile they will be flocking to your ranks for nationality; remember that, without them, you are a vile 'mob'; and, above all, beware, beware of sedition, privy conspiracy, *ejectors*. A genteel slave who ought to be brained with his lady's fan!

"But, I am told, it is vain to speak thus to *you*; that the peace policy of O'Connell is dearer to you than life and honor—that many of your clergy, too, exhort you rather to die than violate what the English call 'law', and that you are resolved to take their bidding. Then *die*—die in your patience and perseverance. * * * I will not believe that Irishmen are so degraded and utterly lost as this. The earth is already awakening from sleep—a flash of electric fire is passing through the dumb millions! Democracy is girding himself once more, like a strong man to run a race; and slumbering nations are arising in their might and 'shaking their invincible locks!' Oh, my countrymen, look up, look up! Arise from the death dust where you have been lying, and let the light visit your eyes also, and touch your souls."

Alas! and again alas! the harm had been already done, and the voice of the hero and the prophet was soon stifled in the depth of foreign dungeons. What he saw coming came—the ruin of a once gallant and respectable nation, done to death by distorted religion and parliamentary wind. Everything Mitchel said about the Saxon parliament at that time came true—false hopes, ruined prospects, broken credit. He gave his verdict against the foreign parliament—when Meagher, in the spring of '48, sought to represent Waterford in that abominable body—in the following words:

"If Ireland had one single chance in contending with her ancient enemy on his own chosen ground; if Ireland had any right to send representatives to a British parliament; if Irishmen there were, indeed, members of an Imperial Senate, and not captives dragged at the chariot wheels of an Imperial ovation in the enemy's capital city; if that parliament were not a lie, an imposture, an outrage, a game in which our part and lot must be disgrace and defeat for ever—a shield and strong tower for its masters, but against us a two edged sword—if it were anything to Ireland but a conduit of corruption, a workshop of coercion, a storehouse of starvation, a machinery of cheating and a perpetual memento of slavery—then we should congratulate the electors of Waterford on doing honor to themselves, and conferring a trust on their most distinguished citizen."

In what, may we ask the Fenian renegades, has the British parliament changed since Mitchel wrote the foregoing? Is it not, still "a conduit of corruption" and "a machinery of cheating?" "But what can be done?" they may ask. "Is Ireland able to fight?" THE CITIZEN answers, she is not and never will be, as long as she puts faith in the Saxon parliament—that quicksand in which her hopes and her honor have been swallowed up. Quicksand exactly describes it. In 1843, she was in it up to her ankles; in 1847, up to her knees; in 1853 up to her armpits—in 1890, up to her neck! Who can pull her out of it and save her life? Not herself, surely. Her aid must come from without, and chiefly from her own children, where ever England may have driven them, or fate planted them. They must pull her out of the quicksand of the Saxon parliament or her breath will soon be stopped.

THE CITIZEN, looking practically over the situation, can see no hope in Gladstone's political promises or in Parnell's stolid tactics. Both these distinguished gentlemen are "licked"—to use the expressive American term—as far as England is concerned. Parnell is not "licked" in Ireland—if he would only remain there—he and all his parliamentary following. Eighty five out of one hundred and three Irish constituencies declared for self government in 1886—the largest majority that ever, under such circumstances, spoke the faith of a nation. What does England care? Has she yielded an atom since? No, but the contrary. Ireland is worse off than ever. She is morally intoxicated and must keep away from that London shebeen house, called Westminster. Let her, at least, preserve self respect. No good ever has, or ever can, come to Ireland from the legislature of her enemy, unless by violence or the threat of violence. Are not these the very words, in spirit, of Gladstone himself? Who knows better than he?

But we will be told—"Give them another chance." What chance? They have had more chances in the lottery now than is good for them, and the Saxon swindlers laugh.

The Irish Parliamentary party is very short sighted in its American policy. There should be no connection whatever, in either a moral or physical sense, between us and them. Our American Irish organizations, of whatever character, should be entirely independent of those on the other side. This would be both politic and prudent. We should not be bound by the acts of the Irish in Ireland, nor they by ours outside of it. But both they and we should keep hammering away at the common enemy, in such manner as opportunity may direct.

Let us never forget the possibility of England's difficulty. Her enemies multiply daily. The Young Emperor is not her friend, any more than the Czar, and Germany is making strides in Africa, following briskly in the footsteps of Livingstone, Emin and Stanley. The latter, bitter Briton that he is, has warned his London countrymen against Germany. England cannot bully the Teutons as she recently did the Portugese. Can she, a country compelled to colonize, always keep out of difficulties with powerful rivals?

In view of this state of things, and other conditions that may arise, let us change the programme. Let the American Irish editors look over the situation without prejudice, and try to discover, if they can, what virtue there is in this tiresome, boresome, demoralizing parliamentary policy. If the Irish in Ireland still hanker to hang around the Westminster abomination, let us, in this country, act as becomes the nation which is ours by adoption. Let us do nothing to offend against her laws, but let us let no opportunity pass to make the British tyrant feel that "the Irish race has been displaced, not diminished.

DEATH OF GEN. JULIUS WHITE,

Gen. Julius White, one of the most distinguished of the Union Veterans of the Civil War, who went out from this State, died at his home in South Evanston on Monday, in the 74th year of his age. The General had been suffering for a long time from a complication of maladies, and his death was, therefore, not entirely unexpected. He was born in the State of New York, Canandaigua, in 1816 and came to Chicago in 1836. He became prominent in business and political circles and was appointed collector of customs for the port of Chicago by President Lincoln. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War he resigned his position and raised a regiment of infantry. He served as colonel of the Thirty seventh Illinois Volunteers in Missouri, under General Fremont. At Pea Ridge, while commanding a brigade, he was wounded and was made brigadier-general in June, 1862, and assigned to the Army of Virginia, under Gen. Pope. He was at the defense of Harper's Ferry, where he was made a prisoner. Upon his discharge he was assigned to fight the guerillas in Kentucky, and was in several battles. In 1863 he was assigned to the command of the Second Division of the reorganized Twenty-third Corps, and conducted the right wing of Gen. Burnside's Army of the Ohio into Tennessee, participating in the battles of Loudon and Knoxville. Gen. White was compelled to come home on account of sickness, but later joined Meade, who commanded the Army of the Potomac. He was in many battles in 1864, and finally resigned on account of ill health. For a long time he had a major-general's command, and for his gallant conduct was brevetted to that rank at the close of the war.

In 1873 he was appointed by Gen. Grant as minister resident to the Argentine Republic. On his return he engaged in the insurance business in Chicago. May 8, Gen. White was elected commissioner of the Illinois department of the Loyal Legion.

General White leaves his widow and a family consisting of Mr. Ten Eyck White, managing editor of the Chicago *Evening News*; Mrs. Arthur N. Sullivan, wife of the secretary of the Grape Creek Coal Company; Mrs. George L. Woodmancy, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Charles K. Lannister, wife of a civil engineer; Mr. Collins Shackelford, cashier of the *Daily News* and Mrs. W. K. Sullivan, wife of the managing editor of the *Evening Journal*.

The funeral occurred on Thursday afternoon, and was one of the largest seen in Evanston for years. The Loyal Legion, Grand Army and other veteran organizations turned out in full force. Nearly all the leading citizens of all parties were present, as Gen. White, because of his gallant deeds and high personal character, was universally respected.

REV. FATHER CRONIN'S PAPER.

Father P. Cronin's highly intellectual and interesting journal, the *Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo, N. Y., recently completed its 19th year, and appeared in a handsome new dress. It has been most favorably noticed by all the leading papers of the country, and deservedly so. THE CITIZEN has frequently differed from Father Cronin's views, but it has always recognized the sincerity of his sentiments and the ability of his writings. In point of "make up," as well as in point of general interestingness, Father Cronin's paper takes rank among the foremost Catholic hebdomadals of the United States. THE CITIZEN wishes the Rev. Father and his journal many happy returns.

PROTECT THE NATIONAL PARK.

It is shameful that every honest attempt made in Congress to give fuller protection to the beautiful Yellowstone National Park, and the remnant of the noblest species of American game preserved therein, is met by a few utilitarian cranks with amendments calculated to give railroads right of way through that magnificent domain, which every American, of whatever race or color, should cherish as "the apple of his eye." THE CITIZEN is sorry to find its much respected friend, Congressman Payson, of this State, among those who oppose the fuller protection of the National Park. There is no excuse for yielding to any railroad interest in this matter. The Park can be readily approached by lines of transportation, to the full satisfaction of the public, immediately outside its limits, as defined by Act of Congress. Surely the commercial interests of the country are sufficiently looked after without violating the natural beauty of the last piece of American soil that amounts to much in its wild state, with the presence of the iron horse. The National park should be held sacred from such invasion. Nobody is injured, but is, on the contrary, benefitted by a ride of a few miles in an old fashioned stage coach. That mode of conveyance, or something like it, is sufficient to bring travelers from the railroads to the nobly romantic National Park. There is plenty of other country in America that might be benefitted by railroads, but the Park would, for many reasons, suffer disastrously by their introduction.

THE next thing in order will be an English syndicate to buy out the American daily papers. The English now have most of our railroads, most of our breweries and why not the newspapers? After they get the latter, they might as well make a big bid for the country and buy it up, too. At the rate things are going now, we might as well close the deal and be done with it.

MR. THOMAS LORAN, a distinguished Irish American citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., and a prominent member of several patriotic organizations, died recently after a brief illness.

GLADSTONE is reading William O'Brien's book—"When We Were Boys." Hope it will do him good.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN is to be married to a beautiful Franco Russian Jewess, the daughter of a Parisian banker, within a couple of months. John Dillon is to act as best man.

DISTINGUISHED Irish "Nationalists" when they visit this country of late days, give Chicago a wide berth. The very name of the city that has done most for Irish liberty terrifies them.

WHEN distinguished Irish-Americans visit Ireland in these days, Mr. Parnell shuns them as if they were lepers. He would do better to shun some of his London company.

MCKINLEY'S Tariff bill is raising sulphur smoke in Congress. What's the matter, Major? Are the little fellows in the Republican party, as well as the Democrats, afraid of your growing popularity?

THE Democrats are already talking of Hill, New York, and Palmer, Illinois, for their presidential ticket in '92.

THE Republican party should keep its promise made on the stump in 1888—repeal the sugar tax or lower it to next to nothing, and pay a bounty to American producers. There should be no tax on the necessities of the people.

KEEP up the tariff on all things that compete with foreign production and manufacture. Abolish it on all things that cannot be produced in America. Lower it on all things that can be only hot-housed in this country.

THE CITIZEN is in for eight hours, and an appropriation to build a decent Custom House and Postoffice in this city.

MAJOR WILLIAM J. GLEASON, a distinguished Irish American Union soldier, has been appointed Comptroller of the city of Cleveland, Ohio.

A NEW IRISH BOOK.

A certain Roman poet recommends the ambitious young author to keep his piece nine years in his drawer before publishing it. Dr. Keating's "Tri biorghaoithe an Bhais" has more than complied with the prudent Horatian precept, for it has been kept two hundred and fifty years; however that it has at last come out thanks to the generosity of the Royal Irish Academy at whose expense it has been published, and to the loving and laborious care of Dr. Robert Atkinson, the editor, it is now a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. For the purpose of the learner, as the learned editor says in the brief preface this work of the famous Irish historian is one of the most important ever issued. Any Irish speaker can understand it almost without once consulting the complete and copital glossary appended, at the same time it is written in most idiomatic, and for the period classical Irish.

As one can judge from the title, "The Three Shafts of Death," it is a religious treatise—but it differs from most works of the kind by being as lively and interesting as a volume of folk lore or fairy tales. Every page abounds with quotations from the Scriptures, Fathers of the Church and the Greek and Latin classics, and with hints and glimpses here and there of the Tipperary life and manners of the day. The genial author loves a good story, and gives his readers the advantage of many such in his ascetical treatises as well as in his exquisite history. For all the modern cant about the philosophy of history and the close and keen logic of controversial works, the ordinary mortal likes a good story in the one as well as in the other—rare intellectual plums in the dull pudding of knowledge. For the purpose of the student desirous to obtain a mastery of the Irish language, the stories and anecdotes that occur in almost every paragraph are most valuable, because so easy to remember; and to become intimate with with the vocabulary style and construction of the Irish, one must try and commit to memory as much poetry and prose as he can.

The book consists of the Irish text, a copious glossary embracing every word in the text, and an appendix containing a very learned essay of Dr. Atkinson's on Irish verbs. The entire makes up a volume of 500 pages, got up in a style as far as paper and printing are concerned, as well as honest, conscientious, and thorough editing, that could not be surpassed in the world. For such a book the price, three shillings and six pence is a mere trifle, and shows that the Royal Irish Academy desired to afford students of the most limited means an opportunity to study an Irish classic, at the least possible cost. Dr. Atkinson deserves for this as well as for his other splendid Irish book "Passions and Homilies," the thanks and gratitude of the whole Irish race.

Every member of every Irish class in America should procure a copy as soon as possible. The book can be obtained from Messrs. Williams & Norgate, No 14 Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London. The best plan would be for classes to send for their books together. It can be had for less than a dollar here, after paying the postage.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the other works of Dr. Keating will soon be published, namely, his "History of Ireland" and his "Shield Key of the Mass." For linguistic purposes they are the most valuable extant works in Gaelic. The day is at hand when Irishmen here and at home will recognize the importance and necessity of publishing the great middle age literature of their race. The soul as well as the body of the Irish nation needs looking after; this soul is contained in the racial and national traditions, music, folk lore, proverbs and literary expression of the national life of the Irish Celts. If one tenth of the money spent on Fenian revolutionism, the Land League, agitation "speeching," going to law, etc., etc., were spent on giving to the Irish of the present century the literature of their race we would not now be shame faced witnesses of the horrible intellectual lethargy of Ireland. Although it is rather late to be taking up that work, it is better late than never; and the work must be taken up and done even at this eleventh hour, if the name and glory of the Milesian Scotic race of Eirinn are not to fade from among men like the mists of morning. It is sad to contemplate that while Englishmen and Protestants are editing the works of Irish Catholic priests, the Irish Catholic teachers are lending money to evicting landlords. That thing is wrong and shameful, and can only produce such fruit as it has produced—the stagnation and death of intellectual life among the Irish Catholic people. There is a prospect of the leaders of the exiled Irish taking up the work of national enlightenment abandoned by those at home. It is said that a patriotic Irish American priest offers to pay the expense of publishing some standard Irish book. That is the way to do the work. Let the Irish of New York publish some one great Irish book; those of Boston another; those of Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, etc., others; then we will soon have the books of the Irish bearing witness before mankind, of the wit, wisdom, and intellectual and moral greatness of our fathers.

JAMES KEEGAN.
(MacAedhagain.)

CROMWELL'S SPEECH.

The speech with which Oliver Cromwell turned parliament out of doors in 1653 has just come to light through the researches of Dr. Wolfgang Michael, and there is strong evidence that it is authentic. It is this: "It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God. Which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. You were deputed here by the people to right their grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house, and which, by God's help and the strength He hath given me, I am now come to do. I command you, therefore, upon peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves, begone! Soh! Take away that shining bauble there, and lock up the door."

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN DWYER.

Mr. John Dwyer, a highly respected citizen of South Omaha, Neb., died at his residence in that city on May 4. Mr. Dwyer was a native of the city of Dublin, and was for many years a resident of the Town of Lake. He moved to South Omaha about two years ago, and was appointed building inspector of that city, which office he held until prostrated by his fatal illness—Bright's disease of the kidneys. Mr. Dwyer was an uncompromising Irish Nationalist, a devout Catholic and a devoted husband. He was a member of Court Magic City, I. O. F., and that body had charge of his funeral which occurred on Tuesday morning from St. Agnes' church and thence by carriages to St. Mary's cemetery. Requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Mugan, who also preached an affecting funeral discourse in which he highly eulogized the virtues and good works of the lamented gentleman. The cortege that escorted the remains to the place of sepulture was large and imposing. Mr. Dwyer leaves a widow to mourn his loss but no children. Mrs. Dwyer has the sincere sympathy of the community, by which she is so highly respected, in her great affliction. J.E.

PERSONAL.

John Brereton McCauley, of Augustin Daly's company, electrified the large and fashionable audience at Hooley's Theatre during the last week. Mr McCauley is cast as Lord Amiens in "As You Like It." He has a wonderfully strong and sweet robust tenor voice, and gives promise of developing into one of America's greatest tenors. He is the youngest son of Maj. Patrick H. McCauley, of Chicago, late of the Seventeenth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. R.

N. W. Ayer & Son, newspaper advertising agents of Philadelphia, Pa., want twenty acceptable designs for advertisements of Soap a Class Soap, for which they will pay $10 each. The field is open to all competitors.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

We regret to learn that the ailment of the eyes, from which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has suffered now for more than a year, has become so serious that he has had to leave Nice for Wiesbaden to put himself for several months under the care of an eminent oculist. The eagerly expected biography of Thomas Davis has been completed by Sir Charles for several weeks, and the delay in its publication arises from negotiations which the publishers—Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.—are making for its issue also in America and Australia. It will be in the booksellers' hands very soon.

THREE MONTHS FOR A MASHEREENE TENANT.

On April 30 at Slane petty sessions, Francis Cooke was ordered to find bail to be of good behavior, or go to jail for three months, for using threatening language to the relative of a "planter." Mr. Cooke decided to go to jail.

IN DUNDALK.

There has been a greater than ordinary demand for imported seed potatoes this year. In many parts of county Louth the planting of the late potato crop is being carried on; and extensive consignments of Scotch seed are still arriving for the different merchants in town.

CASTLEBELLINGHAM AND DROGHEDA BREWERIES, LIMITED.

Up to April 30, when the lists were closed, the Bank of Ireland had received applications representing nearly £600,000 capital of this company. The total amount to be issued is only £177 000, and the ordinary shares were subscribed six times over.

DEATH IN A BATH.

A man named John Egan, of 31 East Essex street, Dublin, died on Saturday night in the baths at Nassau place.

MR. O'BRIEN'S NOVEL.

Mr. Gladstone is at present reading Mr. O'Brien's novel, "When We Were Boys," and is much interested in it.

RECEPTION.

At the Convent of Mercy, Dundalk, two young ladies—Miss O'Farrell, of Toomavara, county Tipperary, and Miss Duignan, of Bryanstown, county Westmeath—received the white veil at the hands of Rev. P. Clarke, Adm., in the unavoidable absence of his Grace the primate.

PROSECUTIONS IN GOREY.

A Gorey correspondent writes that the hearing of the charges against seven defendants for having conspired to induce several persons not to deal with John Morris at the fair held on March 15 was resumed on April 29 at the Coercion court presided over by Messrs. Bodkin and Millar, R. M.'s. Some evidence was taken for the defense, and the court adjourned.

DUNDRUM LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Yesterday the police were called in to restore order in the Dundrum Lunatic Asylum under extraordinary circumstances. It appears that the allowance of beer given at dinner was stopped for some reason, and the inmates manifested their displeasure by flinging their meat about and breaking their dinner utensils. Dr. Ashe, unable to cope with the disturbance, sent for the police, and the disorderly outbreak was quelled and the disturbers confined in their cells.

ACTION AGAINST MR FORBES.

Mr. Henry O'Connor, sub-editor of the Leinster *Leader*, has begun an action against Col. William Forbes, of Carragh, and Mr. George D. Mercer, of Tullamore, Removable Magistrates. The writ, which is signed by Mr T. M. Healy, as junior counsel, claims £2,000 damages for assault and battery and false imprisonment, arising out of a conviction by the defendants of the plaintiff under the Coercion act, subsequently quashed by the Exchequer division. The plaintiff was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for publications in the Leinster *Leader*, of which it was alleged he was editor. The venue is laid in Waterford.

THE LATE JOHN KINSELLA.

The Court of Exchequer (Dublin), composed of Judge Andrews and Judge Murphy, sat to hear a motion for a conditional order to change the verdict of £200 given to the children of the late John Kinsella, who was murdered by emergencymen at Coolgreany, or to grant a new trial. The court granted the conditional order.

A NEW LITERARY VENTURE.

The Irish Franciscan Tertiary" is a venture of the Franciscan Order in Ireland. It is intended for members of the Third Order of St. Francis.

TO PREVENT THE ISSUE OF LICENSES.

On the 1st inst. Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., introduced a bill in parliament for the purpose of preventing the further issue of licenses in Ireland.

NOTICES TO QUIT.

Mrs. Mary Kelly, on whose farm at Clongorey the huts for the shelter of evicted tenants were erected, has been served with notice to quit. A like notice has been served upon the other Mrs Kelly, in whose two houses structural alterations were recently made for a similar purpose.

POLICE AT A FAIR.

At the fair of Newtonbarry the police pursued the same tactics as they did at the Enniscorthy fair. Mr. Robert Power received most attention at their hands, his steps being dogged all the day by two policemen.

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT A CIRCUS.

Probably the largest audience that ever attended a circus in Wexford was that which witnessed the performance on May 1, when the big stretch of ground covered by a monster tent was all too

little to accommodate the immense number of spectators, and many persons had to be refused admission. The most interesting part of the day's proceedings, however, was a visit to one of the local banks by two members of the circus firm, where £180, the proceeds at Enniscorthy on the previous day, were deposited. The operation of handing over correctly an enormous bag of coppers occupied two hours.

APPOINTED INSPECTOR.

Maj. Robert Routledge Fair has been appointed local government board inspector for Wexford district, in place of Mr. E. Bourke, who has been transferred.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN R. VERNON.

The death is announced of Mr. John E. Vernon, D.L., of Clontarf Castle, at the age of 77 years.

EFFECT OF THE STRIKE.

Owing to the railroad strike several merchants in Athy have had to send for supplies of porter, etc., to Dublin by road. Hack boats are in great requisition on the Grand canal for the purpose of conveying goods to and from Dublin. A large cargo of wheat arrived for Bagnalstown, but no one could be found to pilot the boat down the Barrow, so that at present it lies on the quay.

MUNSTER.

A "FASTING MAN" IN LIMERICK WORKHOUSE.

At the Limerick Board of Guardians April 30 the guardians had under consideration the case of a male inmate, against whom true bills for forgery of a deposit receipt for a thousand pounds on the Munster and Leinster Bank were found at the last city assizes, and a bench warrant for whose arrest was issued by the late Baron Dowse. He has systematically refused to take food for a considerable time past, and was removed some time ago to the workhouse. The doctors were ordered today to report to the police when he would be fit for removal. A guardian remarked that the man had fasted forty days or more, and he thought he deserved to be advertised as well as Signor Succi.

THURLES PETTY SESSIONS.

At Thurles petty sessions, John Connell, of Ballynonty, who has only one arm, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for the cannibalistic feat of biting a piece from the ear of Matthew Stapleton, with whom he had a dispute.

GUESTS OF MR. MARJORIBANKS.

Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Dillon and Lord Randolph Churchill dined on Saturday evening, April 29, as the guests of Mr. Edward and Lady Fanny Marjoribanks.

EVICTIONS IN COUNTY CORK.

At a meeting of the Fermoy Board of guardians on April 26 an eviction notice was received at the suit of Francis and Mary Brabazon against some fifteen inhabitants of the village of Curriglass, seven miles from Fermoy, for possession of their holdings.

CARETAKER.

On April 26, while the caretaker on a farm at Castleventry, county Cork, was absent with his escort, the farmhouse was entered, the furniture destroyed, and a dog left in charge killed.

SHOOTING OUTRAGE NEAR ENNIS.

A telegram from Ennis states that a daring outrage was perpetrated one morning at Ballyalla, within two miles of Ennis. Thomas Griffey, herdsman, and Michael Griffey, his son, were sowing oats in a field when six shots were fired from a grove within a hundred yards distant. They saw two men with guns, but were unable to identify them.

COERCION IN TIPPERARY.

County Court Judge Anderson, at the Tipperary quarter sessions May 1, reduced a sentence of two months' imprisonment passed at a coercion court on Rudolph Fahey, on a charge of assaulting a bailiff named Reynolds, to one months' imprisonment. His honor confirmed the sentence of six months' hard labor passed by a coercion court on Michael Ryan, who was charged with intimidating a publican named James Shaw, who himself deposed that he was not intimidated, the intimidation consisting in his having used these words to Mrs. Shaw—"Why are you supplying these b——peelers with drink?"

CHARLEVILLE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At a special meeting of the committee of the Charleville National League the following resolution of condolence was passed—proposed by Edward Synan, seconded by Dan Collins: "That we beg most respectully to convey to Mrs. Binchy and family our heartfelt sympathy with them on the irreparable loss they have suffered by the death of a most excellent and loving husband and father; we beg to assure them that no formal words of condolence can express our feelings at the death of Mr. Owen Binchy, the most respectable inhabitant of our town, one who gained our esteem and love by the uprightness of his character and the kindness and gentleness of his heart. His hand was the first and most generous to aid us in affording assistance to the suffering and oppressed of our town and our country, and our remembrance of him will ever be associated with all that is amiable and honorable.

SENTENCE COMMUTED.

The lord lieutenant commuted the sentence of death passed on Michael O'Brien at the last Munster winter assizes to penal servitude for life.

DIED.

A man named John Malone, who lived at Carragh, near Nenagh, died recently at the advanced age of 107 years.

DECLINED A SITUATION.

At the last meeting of the Tipperary guardians the master reported that a lady came to the workhouse, and said she would give £10 to a servant from this time until Christmas, but no one would accept it. A girl, who was applying for admission, was asked if she would take the situation, but she declined, and was admitted to the house.

COERCION SENTENCE REVERSED.

A Tipperary correspondent writes that County Court Judge Anderson delivered judgment May 1 on the appeals of twenty-two defendants sentenced to six months' hard labor on a charge of unlawful assembly on the occasion of the Manchester martyrs' celebrations at Rosscrow, Kilpatrick, and Cappawhite. His Honor said that it was contended by the crown that the assembly was an unlawful one, because Allen, Larkin and O Brien, in whose honor the celebration was, were felons, but he had no formal proof of their conviction. Again, it was stated that the crowd threw stones at the police, and the defendants were identified as having been in the crowd, but none of the defendants had been proved to have thrown these stones, and it would be hard to make the defendants responsible for the acts of a few. He therefore reversed the decision of the magistrates.

WANTS APARTMENTS AT THE WORKHOUSE FOR HIS TENANTS.

A Limerick correspondent says the relieving officer of the Newcastle-west Poor Law Union has received the statutory notice from the receiver over the Glensharrold estate to prepare apartments at the workhouse for the reception of the fourteen tenants on this estate against whom eviction decrees were recently granted.

PROSECUTION WITHDRAWN.

Information has been given by District Inspector Ball to Mr. Richard Rice, solicitor, Fermoy, that the coercion prosecutions against Mr. Thomas Kent for using intimidation to Robert Browne, Towermore, is withdrawn.

IN DEBT TO THEIR TREASURER.

The Tipperary guardians owe their treasurer £3 900, and at the last meeting of the guardians the clerk stated that the collectors were getting in very little money.

THE PONSONBY ESTATE.

The eviction campaign on the Ponsonby estate was brought to a conclusion on the 30 h ult. During the present clearances 183 agricultural holdings have been evicted. Of the 246 tenants who originally lived on the estate but forty five now remain, and against the greatest part of these ejectment proceedings have been instituted. The evicted tenants have taken up their abode in the cottages erected for their accommodation.

DROWNED.

April 29 the dead body of a young man named William Curran, aged about 23 years, was found in the canal at Tralee. An inquest was held and a verdict of accidental drowning was found.

CONNAUGHT.

A ROSCOMMON MAN IN STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

Dr. Parke was a physician to the expedition. He is a son of Mr. W. Parke, J.P., Clogher House, Kilmore, county Roscommon. He pursued his medical studies in the Dublin schools of medicine, and on completing them he entered the Army Medical service.

TWO COERCION SENTENCES REDUCED.

At Sligo, Mr. O'Connor-Morris, County Court Judge, reduced the sentences of Mr. McCauley, acting editor of the Sligo *Champion*, and Mr. McLaughlin, secretary of a National League Branch, to six weeks' imprisonment for condemning the taking of an evicted farm. The original sentences was three months.

REV. T. NOHILLY.

Rev. T. Nohilly, youngest son of P. Nohilly, P. L. G., Cummer, has been appointed by the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan to the curacy of Ballinakill, Loughrea.

ARREST OF MR. FITZPATRICK.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who represents the house of Mr. Watson, Dublin, for the sale of the bust of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., and who has been in the West for some time, has been of late closely watched by the police, and was finally arrested at Ballintobber. What the charge against him is does not appear.

RETURNED FOR TRIAL.

The investigation into the circumstances of the murder of Patrick Beirne at Kilgefin has concluded. The Prisoners—Luke Mullen, his wife, Jane Mullen, and his daughter, Honoria Beirne, wife of deceased, have been returned for trial at the next Roscommon assizes.

DEATH OF FATHER THOMAS.

Very Rev. Father Thomas, P.P., Athenry, died on April 21, in his 55th year, of cancer of the stomach.

DEATH OF OWEN DOLAN.

The death is announced of Owen Dolan, father of Owen Dolan, Jr., T. C., Sligo in his 94th year.

PORTUMNA NATIONAL LEAGUE.

A most important meeting of this branch was held on April 27, Mr. P. Tuohy, president, presided. The following members of committee were present: Messrs. J. Morrissey, vice-president; M. Fahy, secretary; J. Lyons, assistant secretary; D. H Salmon, treasurer; D Molloy, W. Moran, J. Burke, M. Hough, J Purcell, P. Glynn, A. Rourke, T. Dervan, T. Goughreys, J. Keary, and J. Williams. There were about two hundred and fifty ordinary members present. The chairman said he was proud to see such a large meeting, despite Balfour's cruel Coercion acts, and advised the people to attend regularly to the meetings, as they have always done. The following resolution was passed unanimously: "That we deeply regret the death of our worthy representative, Mr. Matthew Harris, M. P., and we deeply sympathize with Mrs. Harris and family in the irreparable loss they have sustained.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

At the conjoint examinations of the King and Queen's College of Physicians and Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, Master J. O'C. Donelan, of Sylaun, Tuam, has passed the third professional examination.

OUTBREAK OF TYPHUS FEVER.

A severe and virulent form of maculated typhus fever has broken out at Lisheenoran, Galway Union, resulting in the death of Patrick Stannion and two members of his family, who contracted the disease from articles of dress, brought by his mother from the house of her daughter, Mrs. Gilmore, Kilcoona, Headford, who, a fortnight ago succumbed to the malady. Typhus has also appeared at Pullacuigeen (in the vicinity of Kilcoona) a family there named Bane being stricken down.

CLANRICARDE EVICTIONS RESUMED.

On May 1 another eviction campaign was opened on the Portumna district of the Clanricarde property. Mr. Byrne, D.M., was in charge of the force, which consisted only of fifty policemen, under Mr. John Mark O'Brien, C. I. and Mr. F. S. Wade, D. I., and fifty of the York Regiment, under Capt. Lonsada. Eight families were evicted, namely, John Molloy, Gorteenpather; Patrick Lawler and Andy Madden, Bonnagh; John Cleary, Catherine Kennedy, Michael Killackey, Patrick Killackey, and Patrick Shaughnessy, of Stoney Island.

TRAMPS IN THE TUAM WORKHOUSE.

The clerk said that seventeen tramps had been admitted to the house during the past week.

Chairman—Yes, and seventeen more were refused.

Mr. Shine—Three tramps spoke to me and complained there was a rise in the lodging tariff in the town; in fact, they could get no lodging, so they had to apply for tickets to the workhouse.

A LARGE PIKE CAUGHT.

A Pike weighing twenty seven pounds was caught on the Shannon and sold in Roscommon last week.

EMIGRATION.

It is something astonishing to see the numbers of young people—mostly girls—that leave Ballyhannis station for America. On some days of the week there is almost a continuous procession of cars, etc., on the road from Swineford, each bearing its own quota to swell the tide of the exodus.

WILL OF THE LATE BISHOP BERNARD.

Probate has been granted of the will of Dr. Bernard, the late Protestant Bishop of Tuam, the executor being Captain Percy Bernard, of Castle Hacket. The personality was sworn under £19,223, including £6,007 in England.

MR. T. F KIRWAN.

Mr. T. F. Kirwan, Solicitor of Galway, has opened an office in Ballinrobe, in the house lately occupied by P. J. R Daly, Esq., and intends to take up his permanent residence there.

ULSTER.

CHARGE AGAINST A SESSIONAL CROWN SOLICITOR.

At Ramelton, county Donegal, petty sessions, before Messrs. Hamilton and Bourke, R. M.'s, the adjourned charge of Hegarty against John Mackey, Sessional Crown Solicitor for Donegal, for assaulting and cutting him with a sword on April 1, came up for hearing. Mr Patrick Gallagher, Hegarty's solicitor, acting under counsel's advice, withdrew the criminal charge, stating that a conviction under it would embarrass Hegarty in a civil action in the high court of justice. The charge was withdrawn accordingly.

MR. T. W. RUSSELL, M. P.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., is looking out for a safer parliamentary seat in East Fife than he has in Tyrone. He is going to oppose Mr. Asquith, Q. C.

REV FATHER M'GINITY.

Rev. P. McGinity has been elected president of the Inniskillen branch of the National League in succession of Rev Father McMeel. Father McGinity's work in the tough electoral battles of Fermanagh deserves this recognition at the hands of his fellow Nationalists.

RELEASED FROM JAIL.

John Harkin, Connell Gallagher, Darby McCole, Maurice Ferry, Thomas Curran, and Owen Ferry, prisoners convicted at the summer assizes at Fermanagh, in connection with the Gweedore eviction campaign, have been released from Belfast jail.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF A BELFAST SOLICITOR.

A painful sensation was occasioned in Belfast on May 2 by a report that Mr. John Gordon Scott, a local solicitor, had made an attempt on his life, by shooting himself with a revolver. About three o'clock in the afternoon the constables on duty in Donegal street were informed that Mr. Scott had been threatening to commit suicide, and they immediately proceeded to his office, but prior to their arrival the unfortunate gentleman had put his threat into execution. He was taken to the Royal Hospital, and is in a critical condition.

DUG HIS OWN GRAVE.

John Dopping is one of the few men of whom it may be said that he dug his own grave. He lived near Ballymena and combined with the occupation of weaver that of grave digger for the Connor churchyard. On Thursday week he went to open a grave and was overtaken by weak action of the heart. The next morning two girls were attracted by the sight of the open grave and on looking in saw the body of the old gravedigger peacefully reclining, with the tools of the gloomy occupation lying beside him.

MR JEREMIAH M'VEAGH.

Sir James Whitehead has chosen as his private secretary Mr Jeremiah McVeagh, Belfast. Mr. McVeagh, as correspondent of the *Daily News*, wrote the graphic accounts of the O phert evictions, which did so much to rouse the public opinion in England; and recently the Home Rule Union has published his articles under the title, "The Donegal Land War."

ALLY DHU ASTHORE.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

My heart is weary since the day
I saw the bending sail
That bore me o'er the darkling say
From darling Innisfail
Sure, all I loved were left behind
Upon that fading shore,
And one for whom, o'er all I pined,
'Twas Ally dhu asthore.

Those dark-fringed eyes with tears were filled,
When to my stricken breast
Thy slender, trembling form I held,
Thy face to mine I pressed.
I kissed away the gems of woe
Those pallid cheeks then wore,
And roses blushed through living snow,
My Ally dhu asthore,

For many bitter years I toiled
In golden western land,
And Fortune, who all others foiled,
Soon took me by the hand.
With eager blows I wrested free
The glistening yellow ore;
Each blow o'er brought me nearer thee,
My Ally dhu asthore.

Once more the snowy, bending sail
Swells free my head above,
It brings me back to Innisfail,
And to thine arms, my love.
My heart beats fast for bliss to come,
To meet old friends once more,
And hear all join "welcome home!"
From Ally dhu asthore.

– *Catholic Union and Times.*

FINERTY FOUND GUILTY!

By the Whole American Press of Having Contributed the Most Stirring Book on Indian-American History Written in Recent Years.

The Culprit Accepts the Verdict With Great Calmness.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot, May 10*]

It is not easy to comprehend the full significance of the fact that American border warfare is a thing of the past, and that the Sioux war which occurred fourteen years ago was practically the end of the long and bloody strife between white and red.

In "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty (Unity Building, 79 Dearborn street, Chicago), we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives.

Mr. Finerty went out with Gen. Crook as correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, but while not technically required to participate in active hostilities, necessity, as well as inclination, led him into the thick of the fight, for, as he quaintly observes, "God and the United States hate non combatants." In the battle of the Rosebud the command of Gen. Crook narrowly escaped the fate which subsequently overtook Custer and his gallant band in the valley of the Little Big Horn. Had Crook's original plan of battle been carried out, his little body of 1 100 men would have been inevitably wiped out by the cunning savages, who had an overwhelming force of 5,000 warriors and a wily ambuscade planned to entrap their foes.

The author had even a "closer call," shortly afterwards, when he volunteered to accompany Lieut. Sibley on a reconnoissance and the little party was fairly ambushed and surrounded by an army of hostiles. The chapter narrating the experiences of the "Sibley Scout," as that episode was called, is one of the most exciting in all the annals of Indian warfare. Sibley, with twenty five troopers, two experienced scouts and the adventurous correspondent, pushed into the hostile country, fifty miles away from the headquarters of Gen. Crook. They were discovered and pursued into the mountains by an immense force of savages fresh from their bloody triumph on the Little Big Horn. The scouts, Gruard and Pourier, were cool, wary, fearless borderers. By their advice, Lieut. Sibley withdrew his men up the mountain and made a gallant stand under cover of the timber until the enemy, receiving heavy reinforcements, had almost wholly surrounded them. The emergency was one in which there seemed almost no chance of escape. Sibley spoke frankly to his men, telling them: "If we can make an honorable escape, all together, we will do it. If retreat should prove impossible, let no man surrender. Die in your tracks, because the Indians show no mercy." The simple and soldierly reply was, "All right, sir." In the end they were forced to abandon their horses and succeeded in retreating, under cover of the woods, and reaching their camp after a march of fifty miles over mountain and desert, without an ounce of food and almost without an hour of rest.

This is but one of the many stirring incidents narrated so vividly by Mr. Finerty. The story of the Custer massacre is given, both as told in official despatches and by the single survivor of Custer's command, the Indian Curly.

Not the least interesting part of this highly interesting book is the author's frank and discriminating criticism on army life, in which he shows both the good and the bad side of military discipline. The fatal, fundamental error is that officers and men are separated by the spirit of caste, which lies at the bottom of all discontent, and is as injurious to the service as it is alien to American liberty. Mr. Finerty is essentially a fair and intelligent observer. His book is an invaluable contribution to the history of border warfare, a history of which, every humane reader will trust, the last bloody chapter has been written.

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth, May 6.*]

Those were fierce, sanguinary campaigns and tested the courage, endurance and fortitude of many a brave American soldier. The fate of the gallant Custer and all his fine command showed how terrible a foe civilized soldiers had to deal with in the unforgiving and merciless Indian. In all that terrible series of Indian campaigns fought out during the five years preceding the surrender of Sitting Bull, Mr. Finerty played a brave part and proved himself one of the world's great war correspondents. His journalistic services during that period were in the interest of the Chicago *Times*, and the opportunities afforded him through personal observation, added to his splendid ability as a writer, fit him in a special manner for the important task of writing such a valuable history as "Warpath and Bivouac." He has fittingly embalmed within the pages of his book the heroism of such renowned American warriors as Custer, Crook, Miles, Gibbon, Forsyth, Merritt, Carr and other brave men who won imperishable fame. Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCELS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle, May 4.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac" is sometimes, as its title may indicate, florid and rhetorical but it is never anything like dull. On the contrary it is a remarkably straightforward, clear and picturesque account of heroic deeds and extreme hardship. The author was sent to accompany General Crook, rather than General Custer, in 1876, against the Sioux, on the theory that the brave Custer had never succeeded so well as Crook in bring the Indians to close quarters. As it turned out during that fatal summer, Crook failed to bring the Sioux to such close quarters as did Custer, or there would have been two massacres instead of one, and Crook would have gone into history in the same category as Custer, among the rashly brave. His narrow escape from such a fate is, like all the painful marching, terrible camping and hard fighting Mr. Finerty tells of, brought before the reader with brief, vivid distinctness. No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. Though the author's special hero, General Crook, did not encounter the main body of the Sioux and thus escaped odds which, through insufficient military preparations at Washington, would have been fatal to him, he did cling to their trail, in spite of hardship and semi-starvation, until he taught them that they would never find rest from him, more than had the Indians of Arizona. Their conquest was of course completed by the same grim general that Crook had encountered, starvation, and through the failure especially of the buffalo.

A year or two afterward the same graphic writer accompanied General Miles to the British border on an expedition after the retreating Sitting Bull. His account of that war in the midst of his hordes on British soil is, in a different way, quite as moving to the imagination and the sympathies as his story of the events of 1876, including Custer's destruction. It was a bold boarding of the Sioux lion in his den when the author crossed the border, even with the protection of Major Walsh, of the Dominion mounted police. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought. For the mortality from such campaigns is always greater in the long run from exposure and privation than from Indians. The traits of celebrated Indians are vividly set down in the book and portraits abound of these and the great Indian fighters, like Crook, Custer, Terry, Miles and others who have of late years so heroically faced them and unrelenting nature, their ally, at once, with slender resources, until the Indian problem has been practically solved.

GRAPHICALLY AND THRILLINGLY TOLD.

[*Kansas City (Mo.) Times, May 12.*]

Mr. Finerty accompanied Gen. Crook's command and figured conspicuously in a series of skirmishes noted not so much for the aggregate loss of life and blood as for the numerous and terrible privations of those who were in the service. Although in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Finerty, to all intents and purposes, was one of the defenders of his country for the time and was ever in the thickest of the fight. But he was more than a soldier as to the purposes of this book. He was not only in battle, but in the hospital, the camp, the forage, the march, and everywhere else that the requirements of his calling took him, and thus he is better enabled than anyone else to give a vivid and accurate account of a very interesting epoch in the history of Indian wars. The story is not only graphically and thrillingly told, but it is careful in detail and careful in style.

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World, May 11.*]

Warpath and Bivouac"—As the *Irish World* announced some time since, Mr. John F. Finerty, who during the Indian campaigns of 1876 and 1879 was war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, has been engaged for some time in the preparation of a history of those thrilling campaigns attending the conquest of the Sioux tribes. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation. It will doubtless have an extensive circulation. We hope to be able to give it a more extended review further on.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald, April 25.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from more personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

THE LAST GREAT INDIAN WAR.

[*Chicago Times, April 25.*]

"The conquest commenced by the gold-hunting Spaniard, the cavalier on the James, the puritan on Cape Cod was finished on the Rosebud. Mr. Finerty, taking up the theme anew, has presented it in permanent form with all historical accuracy and with that picturesqueness which an episode so memorable in the annals of the republic, so strong in color, so exciting in incident, so momentous to a once mighty race, demands."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News, April 25.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean, April 26.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times, April 26.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879 not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald, April 26.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

FULL OF THE MOST GRAPHIC SKETCHES.

[*Army and Navy Journal (N.Y.) April 26*]

"This volume is so full of the most graphic sketches of Indian fights and of life on the road during the campaign, that selections can be made from it at random of passages sure to interest. * * * To Mr Finerty the army owes thanks for his appreciative notices of it and its services, as it does to Remington, Zogbaum and West, for their services in a similar line. The service need ask nothing of the writers and limners except that its portrait should be correctly drawn and it can safely venture comparison with an equal body of men in any profession and anywhere."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic, April 26.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal, May 2.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS.

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

THE OLD HULK AT THE BATTERY.

The children paused [illegible]
A big eyed boy on [illegible]
Of wonder [illegible]
And at the [illegible]
The grass [illegible]
The swelling [illegible]
The old man [illegible]
And sighed, [illegible]

If it be pleasant [illegible]
And waves [illegible]
From the [illegible]
Of those [illegible]
Surely that [illegible]
Which held [illegible]
In some [illegible]
Might rest [illegible]

Into that peaceful haven, after storms
And the scourged ocean's travail we'd be freed,
Moss covered hulks, now from the sea's alarms
Safe sheltered and the north wind's cruel goad:
"Twere sweet no more to fear the waves we rode
In peril once, to drink the sunset's charms,
And wait the opening of that western deep
Where Night comes up to soothe the world to sleep!

—New York World.

THE EXPRESS.

There was general astonishment in our little circle of friends when we heard of the approaching marriage of Valentin Sancerre! What! He—the confirmed old bachelor, the skeptic of the boulevards, the scoffer at marriage, the gayest of the men about town, he who had sworn a hundred times that he would have none of it—Valentin, in short, going over to the enemy? And who is he going to marry? A widow! And, what's more, from the country! We couldn't make it out.

So the first time I met him I grabbed him by the collar and demanded an explanation.

"I haven't a minute," he said; "such a lot of things to do. I have just come from the Mairie, and am going to Stern's, the engraver, Passage des Panoramas, for the announcement cards. Come along, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said I.

We were just in front of the Madeleine, and we walked down the boulevard arm in arm.

"It's a short story," said Valentin, "and commonplace to a degree, but since you are bent on knowing it, the fact is I am going to take the fatal plunge."

In February I was on my way to Nice for the carnival. I hate to travel at night, so I took the 8:45 train in the morning, arriving at Marseilles at five minutes after midnight. I was to spend the day at Marseilles with my friends, the Rombauds, who were expecting me to luncheon, and the next morning I was to leave for Nice, to arrive there about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

At the station at Lyons there was a terrific crush. Thanks to the well known politeness of M. Fregnoul, the station master, I got a carriage facing the engine. I found myself alone except for one other traveler who had a severe executive manner, a decoration, and a portfolio. He had no baggage except this same portfolio, and of course he couldn't be going far, so I should soon be left to myself—alone; the only condition which makes a railway journey endurable.

Everybody was on board and the train was on the point of departure. There was a noise of vehement discussion just outside our door.

"No, monsieur! No!" said a woman's voice, very sweet and fresh, with an almost imperceptible southern accent.

"I ordered a coupelet, and a coupelet I must have."

"But, madame, if we haven't any!"

"Why didn't you pay some attention to my letter?"

"We didn't receive any letter, madame!"

"Put on another carriage, then!"

"Impossible! We have already put on all we are allowed. Come, come, hurry the train is going!"

"I must have a place, at least!"

"But I have just offered you two in the carriage."

"There!"

"Yes, there."

A little dark head peeped in at the door and immediately disappeared—as if in fright.

"But there are two men there."

"Well, madame, I can't give you a carriage all to yourself."

"Very well, then. I won't go."

"As you please—the train is going. I must give the signal."

"Stop, sir, stop. I absolutely must go—and as there is only the carriage will they give me a coupelet at the next station?"

"Yes, madame! Yes, madame!"

"You promise me?"

"Certainly."

"You are sure?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes."

The door opened, the little brown head tumbled in, surrounded by a halo of packages and rugs, a whistle shrieked, and we were off.

The executive gentleman politely seated himself next me, so as to leave all one side for the new arrival. She was flushed and excited, and did not deign to give us a glance, but set to work to arrange her packages in the net above and in the seats about her with the haste that people usually manifest when they have hours before them in a railway carriage. There was one bag—two bags—three bags and a number of rugs.

I watched her arrangements from the corner of my eye and came to the decided conclusion that she was charming. In fact, it is always pleasanter to travel with a pretty woman than with an old Englishman with spectacles. It was bitterly cold. The country, covered with snow and illumined with a pale, cold sunlight, seemed to flee away rapidly on either side of the carriage.

Our little traveler, wrapped to her chin in her rugs, set herself obstinately to looking out of the window at her left. The executive gentleman drew from his portfolio great state papers with seals in all colors of the rainbow—yellow, green, blue and purple—which he read with considerable attention.

As for me, comfortably seated with my feet on the heater, I looked over the pile of papers I had bought at the station to pass away the time.

Twenty-one minutes after 11. "Laroche!" The train stopped. The executive gentleman arranged his papers, got up, took off his hat and left the carriage. He had hardly reached the platform before he was received by the station master, who addressed him as M. l'Inspecteur in a tone of deep respect. Our little passenger rushed to the door.

"Is this the station master?"

"Yes, madame."

"You have received a telegram from Paris for a coupelet?"

"I have, madame, and have sent on the dispatch."

"What, sent it on? I am not to have the coupelet immediately?"

"Impossible, madame; we have no carriages here. You can only get one at Lyons."

"At Lyons—at what time?"

"At five forty-five, madame."

"All day, then. But I can't stay in this carriage until that time. It is impossible. I don't wish to"——

"Take care, madame, the train is leaving!"

And off the train went.

She buried herself in her corner again, in a perfect rage, and did not deign to cast the smallest glance at me.

As for me I set myself to reading assiduously my tenth newspaper.

Shall I confess it? It took me longer to read that tenth paper than it had to read the nine others. I read the same line over twenty times. I believe that half the time I held the paper upside down. But then, after all, a Frenchman's a Frenchman, and you can't expect a man to take a long journey with a distractingly pretty woman and not feel some kind of interest in her. I was dying to talk to her, but I could not find or invent any pretext to begin a conversation.

On account of the cold the old time expedient of raising or lowering the window was of no avail. What was to be done? Make some idiotic remark, apropos of nothing? No, a hundred times rather keep still. I had immediately discovered, with the instinct of the old Parisian, that my companion was a woman of position. To suddenly address her, without an introduction, in any such fashion would have set me down in her eyes as the most contemptible of commercial travelers.

The only way to manage it was to find something magnificently original to say to her. But what? What? I searched in vain.

I was still searching when the train suddenly stopped with that new patented brake so good for accidents and so bad for passengers.

"Tonnere. Twenty-five minutes for refreshments," sang out the conductor as he opened the door.

My neighbor got up, freed herself from her rugs, which she left in the carriage with her three little bags, and got out. It was noon. She was beginning to get hungry. She took her way to the buffet at the left on the other side of the track.

I followed her, admiring at my ease her charming figure, well set off in a long cloak which fitted her to perfection. I noticed also the pretty little dark curls under the knot of hair at the back, a hat of gray felt, and a pair of very little feet.

The proprietor of the restaurant, arrayed in a velvet cap, and who bore a wonderful resemblance to Napoleon III, stood at the door and pointed out with much dignity and a wave of his napkin the long table which the travelers were to take by assault.

I was hustled along with a throng of disheveled and bundled up passengers—the typical crowd of a fast express, essentially grotesque and utterly impossible from the standpoint of beauty—rushing to be fed.

I sat down and hastily devoured the succession of courses which were put before me. As for my fellow traveler she took a cup of bouillon at a table by herself.

I was one of the first to finish, and went out to smoke a cigarette on the platform. The twenty-five minutes, reduced to twenty as usual, would soon be up. The travelers in groups were leaving the restaurant and taking their places in the train. I had resettled myself in mine. My little traveler had not appeared. I could see her at the little bookstand, on the other side of the track, looking at the books spread out in a row. Her hair seemed a little lighter to me than before, but that was doubtless the effect of the distance. Everybody was on board; the guards were slamming the doors.

"Is she going to stay here!" I thought, "she is mad."

"Madame! Madame!" I called out of the door. A shriek of a whistle—the train was going!

What was to be done? A thought struck my brain like a flash of lightning. She was going to be left behind in this frightfully cold weather, without her baggage or her wraps. She might at least have her own belongings, the poor little thing.

I took up in one armful her three bags and her rugs, and, throwing them at a baggage man who happened to be standing on the track next the train.

"To that lady over there," I cried.

The baggage man took the things and started off toward the lady at the book stand.

At the same instant in the other end of the carriage, the side next the platform, the door opened and my fellow traveler appeared—frightened and hustled along by a cross conductor, threw herself into the seat, and the train departed. Horrors! I had mistaken the woman! The lady of the book stand was not she, after all—same cloak, same hat, same way of holding her head—but it was not she.

It was a traveler who was not traveling! How absurd that two women should look so alike! I had made a fine mess of it.

She hardly entered the carriage before she uttered a cry: "My bags, my bags have been stolen!" and for the first time she looked at me; but, good heavens, with what a look! I'll never forget that look, you may be sure.

"No, madame," I tammered, "your bags are not stolen—they are—they are left at Tonnerre."

"At Tonnerre? How"——

I explained it all to her. Lord! I won't attempt to describe the second look she gave me, but I think I shall remember that longer than the first.

"I am in despair, madame!" I exclaimed, "absolutely in despair, but my motive was a good one, I assure you. I thought you were going to miss the train, that you would catch cold, and I did not want you to catch cold. In fact, if you will pardon my saying so, you need not worry about your bags; they are in safe hands—a baggageman—at the next station you will telegraph—I will telegraph—we will telegraph—they will be sent on immediately. Oh! you will surely have them, I swear, if I have to return to Tonnere myself to recover them."

"Enough, sir," she said. "I know perfectly what to do." And she sank into her corner again, angrily twisting her gloves.

But alas! poor little woman, she had not thought about the cold, and she no longer had her good, warm rugs. Before ten minutes were out she began to shiver. In vain she changed her position and drew cloak closer about her pretty figure; she was positively chattering.

"Madame," I said, "I beg you on my knees take my rug. You will catch cold, which will be my fault, and I shall never forgive myself as long as I live."

"I wish to have nothing to say to you, sir," she said, dryly.

I was nervous and much excited. In the first place I thought her perfectly charming. In the next place I was furious at my idiotic mistake. In short I was ready for the most desperate steps.

"Madame," I said, "take my rug or I swear I will throw myself out on the track," and casting the rug between us I lifted the window and took hold of the outside handle of the door.

Was I really in earnest? Entre nous, not really I suppose, but it seems I must have looked so, for she cried out:

"But you are crazy, monsieur; you are crazy!"

"The rug, or I jump." She took the rug and in a softened tone:

"But you, monsieur, you will die of cold."

"Don't disturb yourself about me, madame. I am not delicate—and even if I do take cold it will only be the just reward of my unpardonable stupidity."

"Say, rather, your haste, for of course, as you say, your motive was good; but how could you have taken that other woman for me?"

"Because she was so pretty!" She smiled, the ice was broken—the ice of conversation, I mean, for otherwise I was chattering with the cold. But how soon I forgot the cold, the journey—everything. She was delicious, exquisite, adorable, a clever mind, bright, gay, original. She was fond of traveling like myself—like myself she had been in Italy, in Spain. She dreamed of going to Egypt just as I did. In literature, music, in everything in fact, the same tastes as mine. And then, only think, a host of mutual friends. She was intimate with the Saint Chames, with the Savonys, particularly with the Mont-Vazins. And to think that I might have seen her twenty times at those houses, and that I had not noticed her. Where were my eyes—I should like to know—where were my eyes?

She spoke freely, pleasantly, with that distinguished simplicity which I always so much admire, with a little, a very little, southern accent—almost imperceptible, rather a lisp—giving a little bird like sound to her voice. It was entrancing.

But, although I did everything to keep from showing it, heavens, how cold I was? At Dijon (2:20 p. m.) my right hand was seized with a cramp. We telegraphed to Tonnerre for the bags. At Macon (4:25 p. m.) the left foot went the same way. A dispatch from Tonnerre saying that the baggage would reach Marseilles the next day. At Lyon-Perrache (5:48 p. m.) my left hand became insensible. She forgot to claim her coupelet. At Valence (9:59 p. m.) my right hand followed the example of the left. I learned she was a widow without incumbrances. My nose turned a brilliant purple. I was given to understand that she had never loved her first husband. At Marseilles, finally (five minutes after midnight), I sneezed three times violently. She handed me my rug and said, graciously, "Au revoir."

"Au revoir!" I was in the seventh heaven!

I passed the night at the hotel at Noailles, a restless night, filled with thoughts of her. The next day when I awoke I had the most terrific cold in the head that you could imagine. Did I dare present myself at the Rombauds' in such a state? Unfortunate, of course, but they knew I was on a journey—they will have to take me as I am, and tomorrow I shall be cured in the sunshine of Nice!

But, my friend, what a surprise awaited me! That good fellow, Rombaud, had asked several friends to meet me, and among these friends was she, my traveling companion, my enchantress.

When I was presented to her an imperceptible smile fluttered over her lips. I bowed.

"And Tonnerre?" I asked very low.

"I have them," she replied in the same tone.

We went into luncheon.

"What a cold you have, old fellow," said my friend Rombaud; "where the devil did you catch it? Traveling, perhaps."

"Perhaps," I replied, "but I really don't regret it." No one understood this curious reply, of course, but my fair fellow traveler sent me a tender and sympathetic glance from across the fragrant fumes of the magnificent ragout which adorned the table and I was content.

What more shall I say, my dear fellow? I did not go to Nice next day, and I am to be married in a fortnight!—Translated from the French of Jacques Normand by Anna Farwell de Koven for Chicago Tribune.

Could Get Along Without It.

"I'd like to have you in the club, but we are too full for comfort as it is."

"It's just as well. I have no use for a stuffed club."—Chatter.

ANOTHER FIRE HORROR.

The Chenango County, N. Y., Poor House Destroyed.

OVER A SCORE OF PEOPLE PERISH.

The Disaster Caused by a Woman in the Idiot Ward Putting a Lighted Pipe in Her Pocket—County People Alarmed Over the Escape of Some of the Lunatics—The Victims of the Longue Pointe Horror Now Thought to Number 150.

NORWICH, N. Y., May 8.—The Chenango county poor house was destroyed by fire at midnight Wednesday night and many people perished. The fire started in the insane ward of the poor house institution and spread rapidly. All of the wards were crowded with patients and a scene of confusion and panic followed. The keepers, nurses and attendants worked with a will, and after much difficulty succeeded in removing many of the unfortunates. The building and a large barn were completely destroyed, together with their contents. The losses will aggregate $30,000, on which there is an insurance of $14,000. One hundred and twenty five paupers and insane persons were confined in the building when it caught fire, and as there are no fire facilities in the place, the flames spread rapidly without being checked. No efforts were made to save the buildings and all attention was paid to removing the inmates.

Probably Twenty-Five Victims.

Many of the inmates of the poor house were injured, both of the insane and the paupers, some severely. It is reported that some of the officials are among the injured. There is natural apprehension among the county people who fear visits from the escaped lunatics. Latest reports state that the number of persons who perished in the flames will probably reach twenty-five. The fire is said to have been caused by a woman in the idiot ward, who, after smoking a pipe, placed it in her pocket before it was entirely extinguished. She was almost immediately enveloped in flames, and when the keepers reached her room, they found her burned to a crisp.

Some of the Dead.

The names of the dead so far discovered are: Sarah Mills, Sarah Gallagher, Sarah Bailey, Laura Grey, Delia Benedict, Deborah Dibble, Mary Ann Dibble, Lucy Warren, Amelia Atwood. At least forty others are unaccounted for, but it is believed that most of the missing are either in the neighboorhood or in some part of the county. The superintendent of the poor has telegraghed to the chairman of the state board of charities to issue a special order for an immediate transfer of the insane to the state institutions.

THE LONGUE POINTE HORROR.

Now Believed That 150 of the Inmates Were Roasted Alive.

LONGUE POINTE, Que., May 8.—As the full details oi the Longue Pointe asylum fire become known the horror is intensified, and the person is derided who asserts that the number of dead does not exceed sixty. It is known by the last report to the Quebec government that there were 1,780 inmates instead of 1,300; and this much is certain, that no one will ever know the number of victims. From collateral information it must be that there are 150 dead. The only names of the dead that can be procured up to this time are Miss Scullen and Miss Thiriault, of Montreal; two sisters Gravel, Sister Boutellier, Sister Lumine, Sister Victorio McNichols, and Sister Lahaire of the Sacred Heart convent.

Sympathy for the Sisters.

The last named was a patient in the violent ward. The only other patients' obtainable are Mrs. Kelly, Montreal; Mrs. Williams, Halifax; Bridget Malone, Montreal, and Mrs. Latournay, Maisoneuve, Que. While much sympathy is felt and expressed for the sisters, their methods of administration excite only indignation. The Quebec government allows them $100 for each patient and in the seventeen years this has been granted they have paid for their farm and all debts of the community.

The Loss Financially.

The loss financially is placed as high as $1,500,000, with insurance of $300,000. The convents and places of refuge around the asylum are crowded with anxious seekers for lost friends, but the nuns can give no information. Dr. Duquet asserts that the supposition is not correct that all the men were saved, as some perished.

Chinese Riot at Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 9.—A riot occurred here between the warring factions of Chinatown, which resulted in the killing of one Chinaman, serious injury to another, and the wounding of a white bystander in the leg. Ah Lung, a member of the Ah Mow faction, brushed against Wong Ki Lung, of the Wong Chee faction, and the latter resented the fancied insult by drawing a revolver and killing Ah Lung. A fusillade followed, fully forty shots being exchanged. The police arrested 100 of the rioters, every one of whom carried a revolver. The Wong Chee society declares that every prominent member of the Ah Mow faction will be killed.

A Prosperous Year.

PHILADELPHIA, May 9.—The statistical report of the American Iron and Steel association for 1889 shows that the year was a prosperous one for iron and steel manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic, and the world's production was larger than in any former year. The present year has also opened favorably so far as prices are concerned. Consumption is still very active. The United States now produces 36 per cent. of all the iron ore mined, 25 per cent. of all the coal, 30 per cent. of all the pig iron and 32 per cent. of all the steel that is manufactured.

Startling Item from St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, May 9.—Henry Kunalt, a director in the Y. M. C. A., was shot dead Wednesday night while robbing a store. George Stalkamp, the owner of the store, saw two men trying to effect an entrance into the place, and fired on them with a shotgun. The entire load entered Kunalt's body and he fell dead in his tracks. His companion escaped. Kunalt has always borne a good reputation, and was quite prominent in church affairs. He had been married about five months.

Dr. Joseph Cummings Dead.

CHICAGO, May 7.—Dr. Joseph R. Cummings, president of the Northwestern University at Evanston, died suddenly at his home in Evanston of fatty degeneration of the heart.

THIS LITTLE BAND OF HOPE, CARRY SANTA CLAUS SOAP,
AND YOU SEE HOW VERY RAPIDLY THEY'RE RISING,
WE'VE ENGAGED THEM FOR A TIME,
AS THEY'RE SUITED FOR THIS 'CLIMB',
AND ARE HAPPY WHEN EMPLOYED
IN ADVERTISING
ALL GROCERS KEEP IT.
SANTA CLAUS
SOAP
FOR WASHING. SCRUBBING. SCOURING. CLEANING. IT HAS NO EQUAL.
Made only by N.K.FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.

ELECTRICAL FISH.

Denizens of the Sea Who Possess Powerful Batteries as Weapons.

Some years ago a young man, in all the glory of his first knickerbockers, found himself in a small village on the New England coast, and, liking the location, determined to spend the season there. The morning following his arrival he ran down to the beach, where he found a crowd of red shirted men gathered aroung a flat fish about three feet in length. "We're trying to get some one to heft it," said an old sea dog in answer to a question. "Lift it! Why, a child could do that," remarked the young man from the city.

"P'raps he could," replied the fisherman; "but if you kin lug the fish from here to the dory over yonder you kin earn $5."

"You're a fine lot of men," said the city youth, with a laugh; "can't lift a fish of that size! Why, I'll wager the same amount that I can throw it that far."

The fishermen were very anxious to take the wager, and finally the young man approached, thrust his fingers into the eyes of the fish, and, if it had been any other fish we might have said, prepared to throw, but as it was the moment his hands touched the fish a strange look of surprise came over his face, and those near might have seen a certain rigidity of the muscles. He retained the same position for several moments, then, with many grimaces, asked to be relieved, and amid roars of laughter the fish was pulled from his hands. When the young man had recovered his equanimity he confessed that it was the heaviest fish he had ever attempted to lift.

The fish was the ray, known popularly as the torpedo (torpedo marmoratus), and one of the most powerful of the marine electricians.

It is said that the physician of Cleopatra, Deoscorides, used these fishes in medicine, and Dr. Walsh, F. R. S., was probably the first to introduce its use in England.

The experiment of Dr. Walsh created a craze that swept over this country some few years ago. The most extravagant stories were circulated about the fish and its marvelous powers of healing, and it became a fashionable fad to go to the Isle of Re and take an electric shock from the fish of Dr. Walsh.

The living torpedo in these experiments was placed upon a wet towel, and from the fish extended two pieces of wire, the ends of which rested in bowls of water. A circle of persons was formed, those upon the end placing their fingers in the water, and in this way the shock was received by the entire party, and often equaled that of a Leyden jar in its intensity.

In examining the torpedo the electrical apparatus is very noticeable, being made up of two large, flat bodies lying on each side of the head. The organs are composed of numerous prisms placed vertically, each of which is subdivided by delicate septa, forming small cells, which contain a clear, tremulous, jelly like substance. In a specimen of torpedo marmoratus one may count nearly 500 of these prisms.

It has been found that the upper side of the fish is negative and the lower positive, and that the power is entirely under the control of the fish. Some curious experiments have been made; thus, the scientist Marez applied a telephone to the fish and at every ordinary shock given he distinctly heard a click. When the fish was greatly excited a loud groan was heard, which sounded like "mi," and the discharge was prolonged four or five seconds.

The electrical discharge of this fish is not of sufficient power to kill a man unless he was in an extremely enfeebled condition, but that it is fatal to other fishes has been noticed on many occasions. Moreau, a French observer, noticed turbot fall upon a torpedo in a fishing boat and the result was instantaneously fatal. They leaped high in air upon receiving the shock, and fell back dead and rigid and remained for some time bent in a curve. In appearance the torpedo is a flat fish, with a rounded head and short, thick tail.—Electrical Review.

Dignity Costs Money.

Tom O'Neil believes that dignity should govern everything in connection with the mayor's office, and he is bound to see the idea carried out no matter what it costs. That it does cost money Tom found out a few days ago when a tramp came in and inquired for the mayor. Tom replied that he was not in. "When will he be in?" next asked the tramp. "I can't tell you," said Tom, "but I represent him; what can I do for you?" "Well, you are just as good," said the man. "I want ten cents to get some coffee and bread with; I am hungry." Tom felt that here was a chance to sustain the dignity of his own and his superior's position, and, besides, he felt rather pleased at the remark of the tramp that he was "just as good."

He therefore took the man out to a restaurant, and, not to appear stingy, he handed him a bill of fare and told him to order what he wanted, thinking he might get stuck for fifteen cents, or perhaps twenty. He sat down at a table and began looking over a newspaper while his guest ordered. Presently the dishes came, and a few minutes later the waiter brought Tom a check; it was for sixty-five cents. Rather amused at the man's nerve he went over to ask him if he wanted anything more, and with perfect coolness Mr. Man said "No," and believed he had all he wanted. Tom went to the cashier and paid the check, and as he was leaving his guest shouted out to him: "I'll see you again." "All right," answered Tom, but outside he vowed the man would not see him again if he could see the man first.—Chicago Herald.

Rules for Care of the Brain.

First, systematic exercise and regular employment. The brain stands most abuse of any organ in the body. Its best tonic and stimulant is success. The worst and most depressing thing to it is failure. The most injurious effects come by using stimulants in early life; young people should use no liquor, tea or anything of this sort. They act mostly on the brain and injure its growth very materially. Abundance of sleep is necessary. I am inclined to think eight hours is not more than enough. Sleep is the time of relatively lowered expenditure and increased repair. Learn to think straight and allow no morbid fancies to remain in your mind. They soon get an obstinate foothold and are hard to remove and may make your whole life unhappy.—Dr. M. L. Holbrook.

Treatment of Writer's Cramp.

Dr. Vigouroux describes a method of treating writer's cramp practiced with much success by Herr Wolff, a calligrapher of Frankfort. The essentials of the method are gymnastics and massage of the affected muscles. The patient has to execute thrice a day a long series of abrupt movements of the arms and hands. The muscles are then extended and even put on the stretch by the operator or the patient himself, till fatigue overcomes the tendency to spasm. Massage, friction and slapping are also persistently used, and writing movements practiced so soon as the diminished cramp allows. It should be added that the treatment is painless. —Herald of Health.

Nature's Memorials to a Murdered Man.

For seventy odd years three stocks of a plant which grows nowhere else in the state of New York, and which seems to be generally unknown, have sprung up every season, blossomed and gone to seed beside the old state road near Avon, N. Y. A remarkable fact connected with this botanical curiosity is the fact that, although thousands of seeds have ripened on the spot they have never increased beyond the original three stocks, nor will the seeds grow when given every care and attention. The spot where they grow marks the place where John Alexander, an American soldier, was killed during the war of 1812.—St. Louis Republic

Omitted.

A college professor who wrote his sermons with the utmost care and logical coherence, once found it desirable while preaching to omit a portion of his discourse.

Toward the close of the sermon there was a reference to the omitted passage, a fact the speaker had forgotten for the moment, and then, suddenly remembering it, extricated himself from the difficulty in this way:

"As I have before remarked—er—in a part—er—which I have omitted."—Youth's Companion.

Sparrows and Larks.

As our poor folk and macaroni restaurant diners eat sparrows in New York, so are larks eaten in London. In that city dead larks of the value of close upon $12,500 are annually disposed of, and this, taking the all round wholesale price at fifty cents per dozen—which is probably below rather than above the mark—gives a grand total of no less than 300,000 of these birds for London alone.—Chatter.

Investigations in the Alps and Pyrenees have shown that height produces modifications, not only in the shape of plants, but in the thickness of the bark, the color of the leaves, and even in the anatomical structure of certain organs. The leaves especially become thicker at great heights, and their faces often have a double laver of cellules.

The proper cigar case to carry is one fitted with a rack divided into six spaces large enough to permit a cigar being placed in each. Both sides of the case are similarly fitted.

GIANTS OF MODERN DAYS

MEN WHO SURPASS ANCIENT HEROES IN STRENGTH.

Some of the Samsons of Ancient and Modern Times and the Immense Weights They Lifted—A New York Man Beats the Record by Using a Harness.

Savants tell us that by distributing weights over a man's body in such a manner that every part of his frame will have to bear its share, he can be made to raise a weight of over 2,500 pounds. The savants are right, as the performance of W. B. Curtis, of New York, will show. December 20, 1868, Mr. Curtis, with harness, lifted 3,239 pounds. As a horse is about seven times larger than a man, it should be able to carry seven times the number of pounds lifted by Mr. Curtis, but the horse never was born that could accomplish such a feat. Speaking of wrestling and strong men reminds me that centuries ago there was born in Crotona, Italy, a babe who in after years became a famous Greek athlete. At husking bees, house warmings and country fairs he was the high roller of all the men of muscle who gathered to show what they could do in feats of strength. He was the pet of the young ladies, and his name was Milo.

At the Olympic and Pythian games he threw all comers in wrestling, and one day, just to show how strong he was, he carried a 4-year-old heifer four times around the Olympic race course.

At another time Milo lifted a thousand pound ox, and didn't seem to exert him self greatly in the attempt, either. His strength, however, gave him what the moderns call a swelled head, and one day while in the woods he noticed a tree which some wood choppers had partly split open. A wedge held the two sides of the tree apart, and the wood choppers were gone. Milo, first to give himself an exhibition of his own strength, inserted his hands in the opening and tried to rend the tree asunder. He pulled the breach a little wider, just wide enough, in fact, to let the wedge drop out, and then his strength began to fail him. Like a vice the tree closed on his hands, and he was held prisoner until nightfall, when a pack of wolves held high jinks over his bones.

A POWERFUL EMPEROR.

History also tells of another man of prodigious strength, Maximinus, one of the Roman emperors. Toward the close of the Second century he first saw the light of day in Thrace, and when old enough to work was sent to the fields in charge of sheep. From earliest boyhood he was celebrated among the lads of his neighborhood for marvelous feats of strength and agility, and one day when the Emperor Septimius Severus was passing through Thrace on his return from the East his attention was attracted by the young shepherd's fleetness of foot and other remarkable feats in athletics.

The young Thracian was over eight feet in height, and was a perfect model of physical manhood. He was offered a place in the army of the emperor and accepted. Although a barbarian he rose from rank to rank, and was finally proclaimed emperor of Rome. He reigned for many years, hated by everybody, and was finally killed by his own soldiers. It is related that in one day Maximinus overthrew twelve of the strongest men that could be produced. On his thumb he wore his wife's brocelet, and it took forty pounds of meat a day to appease his appetite.

In 1863 there lived in Kent, England, a man named Joyce, who exhibited such feats of strength that he was called the second Samson. To Joyce is due the credit of having discovered many tricks in lifting and pulling against horses. He flourished for about ten years, but when his secrets became known he dropped out of sight.

THE STRONGEST MAN OF TODAY.

In the early part of the Eighteenth century a German named Van Eckeberg attracted a good deal of attention. Like most strong men of the present day he took the name of Samson. His most extraordinary feat was the holding of a massive cannon, which he suspended from his girdle. To accomplish this he stood on a framework over the cannon, which rested on rollers, and when all was ready the supports were knocked out from under the weight, leaving it dangling in the air. In performing this feat all depends on the natural strength of the pelvis bones, which form a double arch, capable of sustaining a great weight.

Probably the strongest man of today is Louis St. Cyr, the Canadian. His feat of lifting 3,536 pounds of pig iron has never been equaled. The iron was placed on a platform at Berthierville, Canada, Oct. 1, 1888, and St. Cyr pushed it up with his back, arms and legs until the whole weight was clear of the trestle upon which it rested. St. Cyr also puts up the 245-pound dumbbell from floor to shoulder, and from shoulder to arm's length with one hand. In March, 1886, he lifted a platform upon which seven men were seated, and which also contained a barrel of flour and seven dumbbells, the whole weighing 2,378 pounds. St. Cyr is about 26 years old, stands 5 feet 10 1-2 inches in height and weighs 323 pounds.

The best on record lift with the hands alone was accomplished by David L. Dowd, who some years ago had charge of a gymnasium in Springfield, Mass. Dowd succeeded in raising 1,442 1-2 pounds of pig iron clear from the Springfield opera house stage, using no artificial means whatever.—Boston Globe.

Too Circumlocutory.

Young Husband—This bread isn't such as my mother used to make.

Young Wife—Now, John——

Husband—It's better.

But he spoke to lifeless clay.—Harper's Bazar.

Usually Seen Behind.

"Strange thing that dog's tail, isn't it?"

"What makes it strange to you?"

"Why, I never saw one before."—New York Press.

Sufferers

FROM Stomach and Liver derangements—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick-Headache, and Constipation—find a safe and certain relief in **Ayer's Pills.** In all cases where a cathartic is needed, these Pills are recommended by leading physicians.

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Dr. John W. Brown, of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I have prescribed Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

"For a number of years I was afflicted with biliousness which almost destroyed my health. I tried various remedies, but nothing afforded me any relief until I began to take Ayer's Pills."—G. S. Wanderlich, Scranton, Pa.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since."—T. P. Brown, Chester, Pa.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these Pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"Ayer's Pills have been used in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffered many years, they afforded me greater relief than any medicine I ever tried."—Thomas F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

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Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 Sixth st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, cor ner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill.—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S, Geo Denlinger, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 110 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1089 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 25-1 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Asbenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Nook, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 199 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas, Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—P J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 548 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 880 N Hoyne av, Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Fazel, C R, 889 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 289 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S, Edward O'Den, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 80 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 240 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 332 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bildauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 86 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Buchant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy Lemont, P.O.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James B. Lynch.

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Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 3 5 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. sec. Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st.; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres. J. Fletcher V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec Sec., 969 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin Sec., M. Blake Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2105 Sra-st; William White, V. P., Michael C. Ford, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st., F. V. Fitzpatrick Fin Sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av., M. Reilly, V. P., Peter Quigley Rec. Sec., 482 Forty-third-st., John Moore, Fin Sec.; Mm Murray, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall Town of Lake

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret 444 Oakley av Rec. Sec., William Madder, 476 W Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres. 315 Oak st; P. Dowd, V. P., Michael D. Sullivan, Rec Sec., 355 N Market st. M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P. J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus Fin Sec T Farrell Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Bingeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 96 Emerson-av., V-P., Dennis Foley, Rec Sec. John Richardson 336 W Indiana st, Fin Sec. M. E Lynch Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall cor Paulina and Indiana st.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2967 Deering st., V. P., Timothy Roche Rec Sec. James Lane 2938 Archer av. P. Sec. William J Jones Treas. James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m. in Kasten's hall Lock st. cor Archer av.

Div. No. 13—Pres., James Nocnan, 3 P. Austin Clerk, Rec Sec., John Prendergast Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers, Treas., J. W. McCarthy Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 14—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queely's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly, Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., F. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J McGeoghegan, Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty. Treas. Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter ...; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, John McHenna 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Dobeny, Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers, Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey, Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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J V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis

T. F. Thornton, 3010 Third av. Birmingham, Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O

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Dated Chicago, April 23, 1890.

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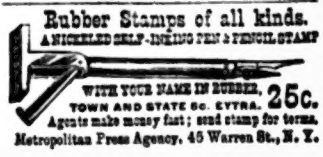

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